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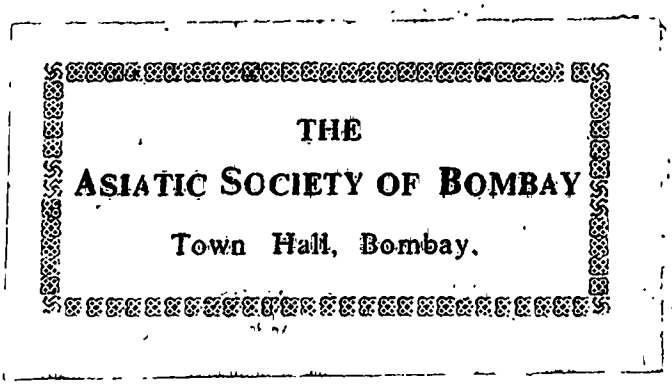


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Soldier & Three Queens

by

R Henderson

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THE

# R OF THREE QUEENS:

## larrative of Personal Adventure.

BY

R. HENDERSON,

E OF THE 12TH ROYAL LANCERS;
aptain in the British Auxiliary Brigade in the Service of
H.M.C. Majesty the Queen of Spain.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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# INTRODUCTION.

The death of my father, upon whom my worldly prospects depended, left me at an early age to fight my way unaided in the great battle of life.

The reverse that came upon me was sudden and severe. It had been generally supposed that my father was a rich man; certainly I had been brought up with the habits of a gentleman, and with the idea that I had before me a sure prospect of competence, if not of affluence, for life. My father, however, died heavily in debt. I determined to go to sea; and, by the merest chance, meeting with a good-

hearted skipper of a merchant-vessel, I shipped with him before the mast, and found my way to the Western Islands just at the time that the ex-Emperor of the Brazils (Don Pedro) was organizing an expedition for the liberation of Portugal from the usurpation of his brother Don Miguel, by establishing his daughter Donna Maria on the throne, and, moreover, for the purpose of securing to the people a liberal constitution in lieu of a despotic priest-ridden government.

By great good fortune, the master of the vessel with whom I had shipped, was acquainted with some of the naval officers of this expedition; and having conceived a great friendship for me, he introduced me as a friend of his. I joined the expedition. My great object was to enter a corps of cavalry, which, I understood, was being formed in England, as I had been accustomed to the pigskin from my infancy,

and had been carefully tutored as to the way over a country by some of the best men of the day. I was told that the colonel who was forming this regiment preferred a youngster with a good recommendation from a master of hounds to a certificate from a military riding-school; eye for country being, in his opinion, of more consequence than the practice of the double-ride in the education of smart light dragoon officers for the field, but, at the same time, none knew better than he did the importance of sound practical drilling.

In my endeavour to join Colonel Bacon's corps I was for a long time baffled, and it was only when the war was nearly over that I succeeded in my object; in the meantime I became a sort of amphibious adventurer, something after the manner of the men who followed Garibaldi to South America.

I did, however, at last succeed; and, although my time with General Bacon was but short, I imbibed a love of cavalry from the teaching and example of that *beau sabreur* which is as fresh this day as ever, albeit the freshness of youth has long departed.

Whilst afloat I was singularly lucky. I had the good fortune to be present when several rich prizes were captured; and my worldly condition was thus materially bettered. I consider myself still more fortunate in being one of those who took part in the action off Cape St. Vincent, in which the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier (then in his palmiest days) captured the Miguelite fleet, which capture was the turning-point upon which hinged the whole success of the Constitutional cause.

I served in Portugal until the termination of the war, and returned to England in better case than I left it.

Shortly afterwards the British Auxiliary Legion of Spain was formed; and, having seen some service in Portugal, my application for employment was entertained, and I joined a regiment of cavalry, in which I served until the termination of the war of succession in Spain.

Although in the Legion I learned much that was valuable to me as a soldier, pecuniarily the service was almost a blank.

Like many others, I returned to England not over rich, in consequence of the Spanish Government not having up to that time paid us; but I was young, lighthearted, and confident: I believed that some other rough-and-tumble service would turn up, and had little care for the morrow.

I became mixed up with some very fast men among the sporting celebrities of the day, rode steeplechases as a gentleman-jockey, drove a fast coach on the Brighton Road, and only found out, as Mr. Thackeray

so aptly expresses it in "Vanity Fair," "that my small crockery would not stand knocking about with the great copper saucepans" when it was too late.

After about twelve months of ups and downs, during which I had one day acquired a fortune which I lost the next, I found myself one fine morning about as well to do as when I embarked on my first trip to sea; and by the advice of an old brother officer I went to the cavalry depôt at Maidstone and enlisted in the 15th Hussars.

Here I was at once made a non-commissioned officer, and placed as an instructor in the school of the riding establishment, where I gained high rank as an assistant; but, having no interest, could not obtain a commission.

Tired of the monotony of a garrison life, I volunteered to go to India, where I served six years,—joined the 12th Lancers as first

assistant in the riding department—marched with that corps by the Overland Route from India to the Crimea—was present at the siege and capture of Sebastopol, and the subsequent operations between Eupatoria and Simpheropol—and returned with the regiment to England at the Peace.

I was then in extremely bad health, and quitted the service of the third Queen I had had the honour of serving, with some decorations, a good character, a shaky constitution, and the world to begin for the fourth time.

In the course of such a career as mine has been, it follows naturally that I must have experienced many strange vicissitudes.

By the will of a watchful Providence I have passed through many hair-breadth escapes and perils to life and limb, and have been eye-witness of many stirring adventures.

I do not offer these rough notes of service without an object. They are the result of many hours of unaccustomed leisure; and they have been written not without a hope that they may interest and amuse some, and perhaps help to point a moral to such youngsters as have (as I had) to begin the world with nothing to help them but their mother-wit and their own exertions.

R. H.

Rugby, *December*, 1865.

THE

# SOLDIER OF THREE QUEENS.

## CHAPTER I.

"The world was all before him where to choose."

"On a bright May morning long ago," I stood on the quay of one of the docks, at St. Katharine's, running the rule over a smartish-looking schooner which lay alongside.

She was for "St. John's, Newfoundland," as advertised by a great board in the main rigging, and had nearly completed her lading.

I had been admiring the craft for some

time, when the skipper stepped on shore, and, seeing me gazing so intently on his "barky" with admiring eyes, scrutinized me as keenly as I had done the vessel. Our eyes met. There was a bold, good look about his that assured me, and at once I said—

"That's a smart schooner, sir."

"She is. Have you any business with her or me?"

"No; but I should like to have. I want to go to sea."

"Well," said the good-humoured skipper, "my cook, the rascal, who is always drunk on shore, although a good man at sea, has just fallen down the forecastle ladder with a bottle of grog in his hand, and has cut himself so desperately that I must send him to hospital. So I have a vacancy for a cook. That will not suit you, will it?" And the skipper laughed heartily; for I was well attired, and looked withal not a bad imitation of a gentleman's son.

Now it happened that, among other accomplishments I had acquired at a public

school, such as polishing boots, fighting a good round, and running errands for oldsters, I had also learned to be a good cook. I could put a dinner on the table in capital form, and was quite up to making a mess out of meagre materials. So I jumped at the chance.

"I am a good cook, sir," I said, "and I will ship at once if you will have me."

"Where did you learn to cook?"

"At school."

"Nonsense."

"Who is going to cook your dinner?"

This was a poser.

"Well," said the captain, after a pause of rather rueful consideration, "I shall have to look out for somebody. I can dine on shore, but the people are all at work, and their dinner must be got."

"Let me try."

"Well, so you shall. Only mind, if you spoil the grub, you will be in hot water with all hands."

"Never fear, sir;" and, without waiting for another word, I jumped lightly on the

deck of the "schooner," pulled off my jacket and waistcoat, went down into the forecastle to the wounded cook, who told me where to find every requisite.

Nothing heeding the jeers and grins of the people, I set to work, cooked the pork, potatoes, and pea-soup for the hands forward, roasted some beef for the skipper, and, moreover, made an omelette to follow, laid the table for him, and when he came on board at two o'clock, served his dinner up hot and smoking, to his great satisfaction.

"What's your name?" said the skipper.

"Robert."

"Bob, then, we'll call you."

"I'd rather be called Robert."

"Well, we'll call you Robert. Anything else?"

"That don't matter at present."

"Have you run away from home?"

"I have no home to run away from."

"The very lad to go to sea. Does anybody know you?"

"My former schoolmaster, and a gentle-

man who gave me a temporary shelter after my father's death."

"Have you a mother living?"

"Neither mother nor father."

"You have had a good education?"

"Pretty fair."

"What do you know? What did they teach you at school?"

"Latin and Greek."

"That's good for nothing."

"Arithmetic, geometry, mathematics—"

"That is better. I will make some inquiry, and if it is all right you shall go, if you are sure you won't be sea-sick and useless. Were you ever at sea?"

"Yes."

"In a Margate steamboat, I suppose, on a fine summer's day?"

"Yes, and in an Irish smack, in a gale of wind off the Lizard, and in another off Wicklow Head and Tuskar in the Irish Channel, with the wind at east in a snowy night."

"Were you sea-sick?"

"Not a bit."

"Then you never will be. Have you any money?"

"Yes; half-a-crown."

"Quite enough at your age. More than I began with."

He found out all about me; and, moreover, an old friend of my poor father's kindly volunteered to give me a sea-kit. I signed the articles as cook of the "Zephyr" and steward. I do not want to lose any of the dignity of my position.

We had a fair run out to St. John's—about which all I have to say is, that it is (or was then) a miserable hole, just fit for the people who inhabited it.

We took in a lot of salt cod-fish, and sailed for Fayal, in the Western Islands. Nothing very remarkable occurred on the passage.

The skipper and the people were pleased with me. I was on the alert to anticipate the captain's wants; and, as the mate said, I was a likely lad to do, "because, like the nigger's parrot, if I did not say much, he was sure I thought a deal." In truth,

I had little to say and all to hear; so my reticence (I think that is the new name for holding your tongue) had little merit; and I learnt all I could, my shipmates being at great pains to teach me, and the skipper also. So that when we arrived at Fayal I should not have been at a loss to do my duty, as a mizentop-man at least, in one of his Majesty's frigates. But other things were in store for me.

## CHAPTER II.

"But I had heard of battles, and I longed to follow to the field some warlike lord."—HOME.

On our arrival at Fayal we found quite a fleet of Portuguese ships in the harbour,—two frigates, and an eighteen-gun brig, and above twenty transports of all sizes and denominations, from the ship of eight hundred or a thousand tons to the schooner of a hundred and twenty, and the chasse-marée and felucca of fifty.

All the men-of-war, and most of the merchantmen, had a flag flying, the meaning of which we looked in vain for in the signal-book. It was a blue-and-white ensign, with the arms of the royal house of Braganza in the centre.

Nobody on board our craft spoke Portuguese, so the pilot could not enlighten us; but we were soon boarded by an English merchant from Fayal, who informed us that the meaning of all this was, that the ex-emperor of the Brazils, Don Pedro, was at Fayal; that the blue-and-white flag meant "Donna Maria the Second, and constitutional liberty for Portugal, and the speedy kicking out of the then reigning sovereign," Don Miguel, the brother of the emperor Don Pedro; that the frigates and brig were constitutional, or, as he called them, Pedroite men-of-war, the transports waiting to convey troops to the coast of Portugal, as soon as a sufficient force was collected; that men of all nations, military adventurers, were flocking to the islands, with the view of joining the expedition; that the men-of-war were commanded by Admiral "Sartorius," and officered and manned by Englishmen—the officers for the most part under assumed names, to avoid the penalties of the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the risk of

losing their half-pay in their own service; that of military men there were many of distinguished reputation—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, and Italians; and that the inducements to enter the service were—the full pay to all officers and men which they would have had in a corresponding rank in our own (the British) service, together with a liberal bounty to the men on joining, and a gratuity of two years' pay, clear of all claims, both for officers and men, when her youthful Majesty "Donna Maria" should be placed on the throne of Portugal; that all the regulations of the British service, as to pay and pensions for wounds, were to be rigidly adhered to, save only that to those who escaped wounds or disabling injury no half-pay would be given, the gratuity being held an equivalent for such provision.

Mr. Mason, the merchant, who was of Miguelite proclivities, and considered the whole affair in the light in which a quiet banker's clerk in London regards the

conduct of the valiant Knight of "La Mancha" when he tilted at the windmills, wound up by saying: "There is only one thing necessary to realize all these golden dreams; and that thing I piously wish his Highness, 'Don Pedro,' and his followers may get. But I do not think they will."

"And that," said our skipper, "is—?"

"Simply success. Why, my dear Jenkins," said Mr. Mason, "these two old frigates are just a gift to the Portuguese fleet which I saw in the Tagus three months ago. There are two line-of-battle ships to begin with, four fine heavily-armed fast-sailing frigates, and eight or ten very smart corvettes and brigs, all splendidly manned and appointed. Put the line-of-battle ships out of the question, and the lighter craft will make mince-meat of Don Pedro and his two old Swedish tubs, with their eighteens and four-and-twenties."

"But," said our skipper, "you tell me the two old Swedish tubs and the brig are manned by Englishmen."

"My good sir," said Mr. Mason, autho-

ritatively, "it would take a very good Englishman to cope with a dozen Portuguese. If the odds were two to one, and no more, I grant you there might be a chance for our countrymen. But superior weight of metal and swifter ships will put boarding out of the question; and poor Sartorius and his people will be sunk without the ghost of a chance for it. I am rather sorry for the blue-jackets. We all love a sailor. But as to the soldiers, why," shrugging his shoulders, "the fellows here are a set of scampish adventurers; and the sooner the world is rid of them the better."

So much I heard.

Greedily my ears took in the glorious news. What! The days of Sir Henry Morgan again in downright reality—buccaneering divested of its sordid motive—liberty and a constitution to an oppressed people! Had I not heard and read in England of all the bad things Don Miguel had been doing in Portugal? I must have a cut at this. But how? Run from the ship? That would not be right. Men could surely not be had

here, even to replace me; and there would be a difficulty about the captain's dinner if I ran. Besides, that would not do at any price. Perhaps I might find some fellow who had entered the Pedroite service and repented, and I might be able to swop berths with him. To my astonishment and joy, however, the skipper relieved me from all difficulty about the matter.

When Mr. Mason had gone on shore, the Captain said, "I say, Robert, here is a chance for you. How should you like to join the Pedroites?"

"Will you let me go, sir?" I said.

"Go! Why, my boy, I'll let you do anything to better yourself; which, mind, you would not do by joining this expedition as a man before the mast or a private soldier. But you have had a good education, have good clothes, and have been brought up a gentleman. Stop a bit. Let us get to our berth. Keep quiet on board. I am going on shore, and when I return I will tell you how to work it."

We came to an anchor, furled sails, the skipper went on shore, and I remained in a fever of expectation until his return.

Then he told me that he had met several gentlemen on shore, naval officers, who were known to him. That, concealing the fact that I had shipped with him as a cook, he had merely said that I was a youngster who had accompanied him; that I had been brought up a gentleman, and was anxious to join the Pedroite service.

He was told to send me on shore next day. And next day accordingly on shore I went, dressed as I was the first day I saw the "Zephyr" and her captain.

I went to Mason's hotel, and easily found the man Jenkins had recommended me to. He was the purser of the "Donna Maria" frigate. He was a fine jolly old fellow of sixty—one of the veterans of the old war, with all the open-hearted frankness of a sailor and the urbanity of a gentleman. I told him my whole history.

Mr. Beaumont (so my new friend was called) gave me sound advice.

"If," said he, "you had more experience in nautical matters, I should have recommended you to join the naval part of this new service. But you would find that those you would have to compete with are thoroughly up to their work, both officers and men; and your chance of getting forward would be very small. Whereas, if you join the land service, you will have time enough before you to become sufficiently acquainted with the duty of a soldier to make you as efficient as most of those about you. By the way, can you ride?"

"I have been going for three seasons in Leicestershire," I said. "But I know nothing of military riding."

"They will soon teach you all you require to know of that for the field," said Mr. Beaumont. "Over a country is the true style of riding. I am intimate with an officer who is about to join a regiment of cavalry, now forming in England, for the constitutional service; and I will give you an introduction at once."

Mr. Beaumont was as good as his word.

I was introduced to an officer who afterwards made a conspicuous figure in Portugal; and after a long conversation with him on horseflesh matters, he expressed himself much pleased with my lore in equine arcana and my zeal for the service.

I had a long ride with him on a mulish-looking Portuguese horse, when he was still better satisfied.

I dined with him; and he promised to use his influence with the admiral to procure me a passage to Oporto, or wherever the descent might be made, with a view of getting me some kind of appointment in the regiment of English Lancers.

Jenkins, who sailed a few days afterwards, gave me a start with twenty pounds, without which I should have been lost; and having purchased the kit of an officer who came to Fayal with the same object I then had, and who died of delirium tremens some time before, the cook of the "Zephyr" was transformed into a gentleman cadet of a cavalry corps.

We were nearly two months at Fayal,

during which I worked with a will at everything that could possibly advance me, from the goose-step, taught by an old sergeant, with all the minor drills on foot, to the mysteries of the bending lesson in the *Haute Ecole de Manége*, kindly imparted to me by a young German who had the misfortune to have killed a brother officer in a duel in Prussia, and who, like all German cavalry officers, was thoroughly up to his work.

It must not be supposed that in this short time I had become anything like a proficient in the duties of a dragoon. But being a fair horseman, and working hard, I mastered enough of the principles of my craft to form a good foundation on which to build the knowledge I afterwards acquired in the field and in quarters.

I became much attached to my young German preceptor, who was a soldier and gentleman in every respect. I lived almost free of cost in the house in which he was quartered; the family being that of a retired Portuguese merchant, whose sym-

pathies were strong in the constitutional cause.

At length the period arrived for our embarkation, and for the first time I came to mix freely among my brother patriots; for, by the advice of my German friend, and the "Padron," our good host, I had avoided as much as possible all intercourse with the men knocking about in Fayal. And great indeed was my astonishment and wonder at the strange and heterogeneous assemblage of men of many nations I then became acquainted with. Good sooth, they were a motley lot,—young, middle-aged, and old. The reckless young Irish gentleman, who had knocked himself clean out of time, steeple-chasing and gambling. The white-headed and bearded Polish nobleman, a trifle crazy about the wrongs of his country. There were Frenchmen who were political *émigrés* and Frenchmen who were there for the love of fighting, change, and adventure. There were English officers on half-pay, unattached, under strange-sounding *noms de guerre*, that they might not

become obnoxious to the penalties of the Foreign Enlistment Act; and Englishmen with no full-pay or half, who never paid anything save and except a vast amount of attention to their game of billiards or pool, when the stakes were worth having, or to their personal appearance, and also (but I ought to have put that first) to all and every the dark-eyed Portuguese señoritas they came in contact with in bower or hall. These gentlemen, among whom a strong sympathy seemed to exist, were quite innocent of any military knowledge whatever, though they were for the most part splendid, as to the beard and moustache. But what they lacked in their knowledge of military matters, theoretical or practical, they endeavoured to make up by much swagger, and a readiness to fight duels upon any provocation however small, or indeed without provocation at all.

They were great at the mysteries of *écarté*, piquet, and lansquenet, and numbered more than one among them who, it was whispered (very softly, mind you), had been

billiard-markers, and seemed by some strange coincidence to have been in the habit of frequenting the same hotel in London, or rather in Lambeth, called the "Belvedere," the landlord of which appeared to have been named Hudson, as frequently, in speaking of some absent friend, they said, "Oh, yes; I have met him at Hudson's;" or, "To be sure, he was at the 'Belvedere' with me."

There were doctors galore, English, Irish, and Scotch, with and without diplomas. The latter always ready to fight anybody who ventured to hint at the absence of the necessary qualification to amputate a man's limb or trephine his skull; thereby showing that, if not good at healing a gun-shot wound, they had commendable zeal, by inflicting one, to afford practice to their better qualified brethren of the splint and tourniquet.

There were runaway clerks from merchants' offices and banking-houses. There was no extradition treaty then; and out of sight was out of danger, if not out of mind.

These men were for the greater part well-behaved, and implicitly believed they were going to Portugal as settlers—that they were all to have commissions, as well as an allotment of land. They were, I believe, in most cases disappointed as to the commissions, but not as to the land. Once on board ship, a bounty of two pounds sterling was offered them, or the option of swimming on shore, or of being immediately locked up by the Portuguese authorities as vagrants. They all accepted the coin, became private soldiers, and in most cases became entitled to the land promised them—namely, a grave measuring six feet by two. Though I cannot say that each enjoyed his allotment to himself: death, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

There were a few lawyers. They all got on first-rate. The commissariat department was their principal line. But some did a bit of soldiering, and then became connected with the home press, and did good service to themselves.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the force was altogether composed of *mauvais sujets*, or runaway defaulters. On the contrary, these were the exceptions. The pith and marrow of this hastily-put-together force consisted of men of known worth, gallantry, and probity, who had seen service in our own or the Continental armies, but who, from becoming weary of the dull monotony of the piping times of peace, or from a love of adventure and eye to bettering their worldly condition, had taken service with Don Pedro.

Of the sailors (naval officers), without an exception it may be said that they were there *con amore*. They were all men up to anything in the way of dash and smartness, thorough seamen, gentlemen, and most gallant fellows. Nevertheless, most of them would have remained at home unemployed, perhaps for years, for want of interest.

As to Jack before the mast, he was the Jack of the day when we went into action

with a light heart in a wooden ship; never dreamt of cast-iron or cast-steel for ship-building, or of rivets or armour-plates; considered a long four-and-twenty the smartest of smart guns for a frigate, and a two-and-thirty perfection for a line-of-battle ship; when at least as much was looked for from the cutlass and tomahawk, and the rush of a daring party of boarders, as we now expect from such fights as that between the "Alabama" and the "Kearsarge."

No doubt the sailor of this day is as good at heart (at sea) and much better conducted on shore than Jack of those days. But it must be admitted, by those who can remember the tars of the days I speak of, that there was more spice and devil about the sailors of those times than there is in the well-conducted, orderly seamen who man our present armour-cased ships.

As to the men intended for soldiers, with the exception of a few discharged dragoons and old infantry non-commissioned officers, they were just the material (the

Englishmen) from which we draw our own recruits at home. It is true there was not the same fastidiousness as to passing a man who had lost a tooth, or even an eye, or a finger. They knew nothing of their profession: it was all before them to learn; but their breed, Anglo-Saxon, was right, and in many a bloody fight they afterwards proved themselves as worthy descendants of the men of Poictiers and of Agincourt, as their better drilled brethren of Salamanca or Waterloo.

There was a goodly muster, too, of foreign soldiers for the ranks—Frenchmen, Germans, Poles, Italians—all thoroughly up to their work.

After all, the strength of the force numerically was Portuguese—several thousand officers and men; for the greater part old soldiers, the remainder young men who had fled from the tyranny of the Miguelite government and the rule of the priests.

On the whole, afloat and ashore, the material at the disposal of the Emperor was, I take it, in every way and shape as

well or better seasoned stuff (numbers considered) than were the armies which confronted each other in the United States of America at the beginning of the late war.

But, as the armies of America, by continual hammering, had been wrought into a very different material from that of which they originally consisted, not being up to much at first, and at last fit for anything, so with the Pedroite soldiers. There was a fair leaven of the old soldier to begin with; and before the end of the war they were better and more fit than any equal number of English troops who had seen no service. They had been "baptized by fire," to quote the all-expressive phrase of the first Napoleon.

As regards the ships, there were, first, two old Swedish frigates, named respectively, The "Reynha de Portugal" and the "Donna Maria." The first was a rather rickety but smart old craft, mounting six-and-thirty guns, all told — long four-and-twenties, and two-and-thirty-pound carronades. She was a pretty

model, sailed well, was well found and appointed, and I should think no ship ever went to sea with a finer set of fellows as officers and men. She carried the flag of Admiral Sartorius, and was to convey the Emperor and his staff to Portugal.

The "Donna Maria" was by no means the equal of the flag-ship in build or capabilities. She had a lumpy, old-fashioned, merchant-craft appearance about her hull, was bluff-bowed, wall-sided, and Dutch-built about the quarters; just the sort of craft one would not care to be in in a heavy blow, with a bad iron-bound coast under your lee.

She carried the same armament as her consort, and was equally well officered, manned, and appointed, and commanded by one of our most distinguished naval officers.

There was a very smart eighteen-gun brig, the "Villa Flor," and a corvette, which had been an East Indiaman, the "Portuense," carrying some long eighteens on her spar-deck. These comprised the

whole of the ships of war. Of transports of all sorts, there were some five-and-thirty, great and small.

All being in readiness, the troops were embarked, and the transports got under way, on a lovely summer's day, with a light breeze, amid salutes from the ships of war and the batteries on shore, and stood out to sea. About eight thousand men comprised the whole of the land force, and there might have been about a thousand blue-jackets in the war-ships, all told.

The troops were armed, for the greater part, with the old "Brown Bess." There were a few riflemen, and some field-guns.

Later in the day the men-of-war got under way, the Emperor and his staff embarking on board the "Reynha de Portugal" frigate, with Admiral Sartorius. With these were also several distinguished Portuguese noblemen.

We were well found in everything, not over-crowded, and had a pleasant run to the coast of Portugal.

We landed to the northward of Oporto,

near Villa de Conde, with scarcely a show of opposition, although General Santa Martha, the Miguelite commander-in-chief, had above eleven thousand regular troops in Oporto.

He withdrew, however, to the neighbourhood of Valongo, and we marched into Oporto amid salvoes of artillery, great cheering, and ringing of bells. Queen Donna Maria was solemnly proclaimed Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, and her father, Don Pedro, Regent, and measures were at once taken to fortify Oporto.

It is not my intention to enter into any description of Oporto. Nor, indeed, can I say much as to the military operations that were going on at that time, and for this reason.

A few days after we arrived in Oporto, I was one of a party that accompanied the Emperor and General Saldanha on a reconnaissance on the Valongo-road. A shot from one of the enemy's field-pieces hit a wall close to me; a large fragment of stone struck me on the chest; I was picked up,

put into a stretcher, and sent to the general hospital in Oporto. There I laid for six weeks, hovering between life and death. At the expiration of that time, at the application of Captain George, the flag-captain, backed by the recommendation of the Inspector-general of Hospitals, I was sent on board the "Villa Flor" brig, where an appointment as purser was given to me.

I had the option of going to England, but knowing how friendless I was there, and feeling that my present office was nearly a sinecure, and that the sea air would do more to renovate my health than anything else, I gladly accepted the appointment; and thus for the time my hopes of military advancement were extinguished.

Shortly afterwards the brig was sent to cruise off Madeira, where we captured several valuable prizes. But my health continued to fail; and the brig calling at the Western Islands, on her return to join the squadron at Vigo, I was left at my old

quarters at Fayal, where I was hospitably received and kindly treated—in very shaky health, but richer by some three thousand dollars than when I left Portugal.

I remained several months at Fayal; and the mild air, with rest and quiet and good treatment, at length completely restored my health, and I sailed once more for the scene of action in a small schooner bound to Vigo.

At Vigo we found the constitutional squadron, which had been augmented by two ships—the "Don Pedro," formerly an English East Indiaman, and the "Constitution," an armed barque.

I learned here that, subsequently to my departure, the Miguelites, after several sharply-contested actions, had closely invested Oporto with an army of forty thousand men or thereabouts; that they had drawn lines of circumvallation round the place, from the lighthouse and the Monte Castero battery on the north to the river above the city, and again by Villa Nueva, quite down to the mouth of the

Douro on the south, and had armed with heavy ordnance numerous batteries—those to the south commanding the banks at the entrance of the Douro, the passage of which, even for boats at night, had become a matter of great risk; that they were at that time keeping up a heavy and almost continuous fire upon the city of Oporto, and that the troops and inhabitants suffered severely from the Miguelite shells, and endured great privations for want of provisions. The situation, in fact, was critical in the extreme.

On the night of the 11th of October, previous to my arrival in February, a smart action had taken place off Vigo between the constitutional squadron, under Admiral Sartorius, and the Miguelite squadron, the numbers and weight of metal being about equal. With no other result than the loss of several officers and men, and so severe a handling of our ships by the Miguelites that, although the latter drew off and bore away to the southward, on the morning of the 12th Admiral Sartorius judged it

expedient to return to Vigo instead of going in pursuit.

Thus much I heard, together with the names of many well remembered in the islands who had fallen, or been sent to England badly wounded. On the whole, the prospects of the Pedroites seemed anything but cheering.

For myself, singularly enough, it happened that the purser of the "Villa Flor," my old craft, was about to sail for England in the "Constitution" corvette. And my former berth being vacant, I was again appointed to it, and joined the "fighting brig," as she was called.

A few days after I joined, the squadron weighed and sailed for Oporto roads. There at once the changed aspect of affairs was plainly visible.

In the roads was a whole fleet of merchant-vessels laden with provisions and stores, and some full of troops, which the heavy and incessant fire of the Miguelite batteries rendered it almost impossible to disembark; nevertheless, every night a

number of large boats, manned by daring fellows, who called themselves barmen, ran the gauntlet of the great guns, and the heavy musketry fusillade from the south bank of the Douro, and came out to the roads, returning deeply laden with flour, beef, pork, and other provisions, and also occasionally taking some of the troops on shore, which, when the surf was not too high, they landed under the castle of San Joao de Foz, or, if this was not practicable, took them up the river.

The anchorage of Oporto roads is by no means a pleasant or a safe one; in the finest weather there is a continual heavy rolling swell coming in from the broad Atlantic, which breaks in heavy surf upon the beach by San Joao de Foz, and away to the lighthouse and villages of Villa de Conde, and Povoa, and on the bar of the Douro with a noise like thunder. When it comes on to blow hard, in most cases it is better to get under way betimes than trust to your ground-tackle.

The day of our arrival at Oporto was a

remarkably fine one, the sky was bright and cloudless, and the domes and spires of Oporto were radiant in the morning sun. As the heavy send of the great rollers lifted our light craft on the top of a great green sea, one had a clear view right away for a long distance ashore; and there, from the black and frowning Monte Castero, to the northward of Villa de Conde, as far as the eye could reach, were great batteries on the Miguelite lines, one or other of which were continually hurling shot or shell upon the devoted city.

Ever and anon our batteries replied; but the fire was evidently weak and ineffective, and by no means equalled that of our opponents.

The village of San Joao de Foz was a mass of ruins; and the pock-marks and fissures here and there shewed that the old castle had been severely handled, probably from Monte Castero, although the great battery was just then silent. Further inland, fiery-tailed shells were continually sailing through the air and bursting in Oporto.

On the south bank of the Douro, and enfilading the passage of the bar, was a Miguelite battery, heavily armed, according to the notions of those days. That is to say, it was mounted with sixty-eight-pounder guns, a kind of ordnance hitherto unknown as to weight of metal; and it must be remembered that the artillery of those days was insignificant as compared with the giant ordnance now in use. The Miguelite batteries were very close to Oporto, and the heavily-armed one at the bar was close to the water's edge, the river itself being less than half-a-mile wide at the mouth; and the gunners, having accurately got the range, rarely failed when a lot of boats were endeavouring to run out to hit one or other of them, unless the night was very dark.

Every part of the river, from the bar to the bridge by the Sierra Convent, was a very short musket-shot across; and people were continually wounded by the sharp-shooters from the south side in passing down from Oporto towards the Foz.

Nevertheless, our people held out well. Continual sorties were made; and, although the Miguelites had made several desperate attempts to carry our lines by assault, and had once even penetrated into the very streets of Oporto, they had on every occasion been repulsed with great slaughter, though not without severe loss on our part.

The city of Oporto in itself possessed a great element of strategical defence, from the fact of its being built in a succession of squares, each one capable of being defended even if its neighbour was carried.

At the time I speak of, however, the enemy were well at bay beyond our outward line of defence. Parties were continually at work adding to the fortifications; and, though sorely pressed, the garrison was in good heart.

At the south side of the bridge of Oporto was a large convent—the Sierra—which formed an admirable *téte du pont*, and thus prevented the Miguelites from approaching Oporto by the bridge.

This convent was the object of constantly renewed attacks and desperate onslaughts, and almost continuous bombardment. But it was occupied by a Portuguese corps which covered itself with glory in its defence. If a breach was made, it was rendered unavailable to the besiegers by sand-bagging, by *chevaux de frise*, and by every art known to the military engineer; while, from countless loopholes, the garrison kept up a deadly fire of musketry on the assailants whenever they approached within range.

The defenders were the "Fifth Cacadores."

Obstinate, however, as was the defence, the prospects of the besieged were gloomy enough. Day by day the privations of the garrison and the inhabitants were growing more severe. Animal food was scarcely to be procured at any price. Salt fish and rice, with bad biscuit, were the principal nutriment of all. But there was abundance of good old port wine, which had doubtless much to do with keeping up

the hearts of both soldier and civilian, and preventing the loss of physical power, so valuable at such a time.

The Miguelites were hourly making the river less and less accessible for the transport of either provisions or troops from the roads, and it seemed reduced to a calculation of time, and a question of what amount of starvation the garrison could endure before being compelled to surrender.

It was of vital consequence to do something promptly, in order to effect a diversion, and by some means draw off at least some portion of the assailing army of Miguelites concentrated round Oporto. But how? In what direction? With what means?

It was asserted in Oporto, and confirmed by the officers of the English men-of-war, who passed without let or hindrance up the river, and to either camp or garrison (*sub rosâ*, strongly favourable to our cause), that in the Algarve and the Alemtejo, the southern provinces, a strong, nay, almost universal sympathy existed

for the constitutional cause, and that it only required the presence of a known leader of eminence from the Pedroite army, with something like a respectable force, to be landed in the Alemtejo in order to cause the whole southern population to openly revolt against the Miguelite government. Also, that as nearly the whole Miguelite army was concentrated in the Minho province, and about Oporto, no effective opposition could be made to such a rising; and, in fact, that the success of the cause hinged upon the carrying out of such an operation.

There was wisdom in this; but how could it be executed?

The Miguelites had a powerful squadron in the Tagus.

Admiral Sartorius was understood to have no faith in this plan, and if not disaffected towards the Miguelite government, was boldly defiant of his own, and declared his intention of not undertaking any active operations himself, or assisting in them, until his men and officers were paid up

at least a portion of their long arrears. Matters had even proceeded to such extremities that Sir John Milley Doyle, an officer high in the confidence of the Emperor, was sent on board the flag-ship to make a prisoner of Admiral Sartorius, and bring him on shore. But the admiral carried too many guns for Sir John; he clapped the latter under arrest, and put a sentry over his cabin, only releasing him upon an ample apology being made by General Doyle, and, it was said, even by the Emperor himself.

However, the old story of a house divided against itself was thoroughly exemplified; nothing was done, and matters were daily becoming worse.

## CHAPTER III.

"Arma virumque cano."—VIRGIL.

AT this critical juncture there appeared on the scene one who, beyond doubt, was the man for the occasion; no less a man than Captain, afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

Captain Napier had been long chafing and fretting in the gloomy shades of disappointed expectation. Known to be one of our best and smartest naval officers, the piping times of peace offered no field of action worthy of such a man in the British navy; and, despite the penalties of the Foreign Enlistment Act, hearing that Admiral Sartorius wished to retire, Captain Napier offered his services to the Portuguese government (Pedroite).

They were at once accepted, and certain conditions which Admiral Napier required also conceded. The two principal of which were the paying up of the officers and men of the squadron, and rank and employment for a certain number of officers he proposed to bring with him.

Accordingly, in May 1833, Admiral Napier came out to Oporto in a steamer, which, with four others, was full of picked seamen, and brought with him a number of naval officers of his own choosing; his step-son Captain Napier, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned in the "Avenger," on the northern coast of Africa, being among the number. Admiral Sartorius resigned, and Admiral Napier was appointed to the command of the Pedroite fleet, as it was rather grandiloquently called.

Through the exertions of Señor Mendezabel, the great finance man of the constitutional party, Admiral Napier had brought out sufficient money to pay the crews up all their arrears of pay, and the officers a large proportion in ready money

and the remainder in bills, which were afterwards duly honoured.

Having thus a fair start, the admiral, having re-arranged the whole force, distributed his officers through the squadron, and seen that all was done according to his wish; inspected the different ships and their crews, to whom he made short pithy speeches, much to the satisfaction of all hands, telling them that now, they were paid up, discipline was the word, that any grumbling or "lawyering" would be instantly punished at the gangway. He wound up by saying: "In a few days I'll give you a chance to show what you are made of; so just stand by to strip, and go to work, and let us have no more palavering about it."

And now indeed he went to work himself. He organized a complete flotilla of boats, and despite the fire of the Miguelites, succeeded in getting on board the men-of-war and the five steamers a force of about two thousand picked men, under the command of the Duke of Terceira.

With these he weighed, and away south

was the word. We ran down the coast from Oporto to Cape Mandego, thence to Cascaes Bay; and, although we could see the mast-heads of the Miguelite fleet in the Tagus, from the decks of our ships, as we passed to seaward of Fort San Juliano and the Bojio Fort, they made no attempt to intercept us, which, hampered as we were with troops, they ought to have done with effect. Away south still, to Cape St. Vincent; away again, with a spanking breeze, along the glorious fertile shores of Southern Portugal, where the blue sea breaks in silvery murmuring ripples, in many places even on the velvet turf, while the grand old cork-trees, the snow-white farm-houses, the waving corn, and the clustering vine, speaking of a land flowing with milk and honey, were plainly visible. Away to Lagos Bay and Taveira, on the Guadiana river.

Here we were welcomed by countless crowds of people from the shore, in boats brimful of fruit and wine, and the good things of the earth in abundance.

An incident highly characteristic of the British tar and Portuguese sailor occurred on the run down to Taveira.

We had a number of Portuguese seamen on board—I think about fifty. They were men thoroughly up to their work—quite as smart aloft as our men, and on deck, at job-work, splicing, sail-making, and so on, I think even neater workmen than our people are. They were, however, less cleanly in their persons, requiring a great amount of working-up in this respect; they were inveterate gamblers, and this caused a good deal of trouble. They did not drink their allowance of grog, which all hands were allowed to take away from the tub down to the mess-deck. The Portuguese seamen sold their grog to the Englishmen, and cheated them at cards afterwards. This led to quarrels, punching of heads by the Englishmen, and drawing of knives by the Portuguese. The master-at-arms had a busy time of it, and the "Black List" was strong.

The captain was supposed to have a

great leaning towards his Portuguese hands. But in truth he knew the character of both people afloat as well, or better, than most men.

For some few days he contented himself with warning the crew that on the next report of any irregularity of this sort he would flog every man in the report.

His patience was soon put to the test. A Portuguese boatswain's mate and an English A. B. were reported for quarrelling and gambling.

Punishment was ordered. The gratings were rigged, hands turned up, the officers with their side-arms on the quarter-deck.

The first-lieutenant called the names:—"Pedro Miguel, boatswain's mate."

"Pedro Miguel," said the captain, "you are disrated, and I shall flog you. Strip!"

The Portuguese, who had seen the Englishmen flogged, like all his countrymen had a horror of the castigation. He went down on his knees, begged for mercy, called all the saints to witness that he

would never transgress again, and endeavoured to kiss the captain's feet.

It was a very humiliating spectacle. The degraded petty officer shed tears, and made an idol of the captain.

"Well," said the captain, "I'll let you off once more for the last time."

I wished I had been captain; I would have flogged him for his servility. But Captain Ruxton was, perhaps, right after all.

Meantime the British A.B. was quietly stripping for his punishment.

"As I have let the Portuguese off," said the captain, "I suppose I must let you off too. Pedro Miguel is disrated. Both have their grog stopped for a month."

But Coleman, the Englishman, standing, ready stripped, did not move from the place he had taken close to the gratings.

"Well, sir, what *do* you want?" (Captain Ruxton was rather an irritable man).

"Beg your pardon, sir," began Coleman—

"Beg my pardon! You have my pardon. Put on your clothes."

"Beg your pardon," again said Coleman, touching his forelocks; "if your honour 'd allow me, I want to say a word."

"I have heard all about it. Well, say on," said the captain.

"Your honour, I wanted to say as I would not like to see you worse nor your word; and I'd rather, for a matter of four dozen to me, as I's used to it, you'd keep it than have my grog stopped, your honour. So, please your honour's goodness, I'll have the four dozen, and then you won't stop my grog."

This was too much for the captain's gravity. He could not keep his countenance; so he said, "Well, don't gamble any more, and I shall not stop your grog."

I saw this man afterwards in hospital in Lisbon, suffering from the effects of amputation.

"Coleman," said the doctor, "somebody brings you too much grog; I can't stop them. You will die if you drink. Promise me, on your word as an English sailor, you won't drink any more than I order you."

"I wouldn't like to break my word, sir," said the tar; "I'll drink what I can get."

He did so, poor fellow, and died.

In Taveira all was rejoicing and welcome. The Miguelite authorities fled; the few troops with them. We could not find arms enough, even after ransacking the arsenal of Lagos of every available musket, for all the ready hands eager to grasp them; and in quarter less no time (as the sailors say) a force, rough enough in appearance, but full of fight and eager for the fray, was ready to march northward; and march they did, with the Duke of Terceira at their head.

A few dragoons from General Baron's regiment (the corps I had been so anxious to join), picking up what horses they could, accompanied the "duke and his staff" as orderlies, and with these I might have gone. But I took sage counsel of my captain, an old Brazilian officer, who had served under Lord Dundonald, one of those daring men who helped to capture the "Gama" and the "Esmeralda."

"Well, my boy," he said, the night before the force started, "what is your line of country (as you say), ashore or afloat?"

"Ashore," I said, "by all means. It will be rare fun this march through the country."

"You are wrong," said the captain; "take my advice. All the fun, as you call it, has been ashore as yet; and, bar the ugly thump you got in the beginning of your career at Oporto, your share of it has been small. The Duke of Terceira will meet with no opposition until he arrives on the south bank of the Tagus; that is, if I know anything of the disposition of the Portuguese people. So all the fun you will have there will not amount to much. Arrived at the Tagus, it depends entirely upon what we do in the meantime, whether the duke succeeds or not. Depend upon it, the Miguelite fleet will soon be 'after us,' if they are not already at sea; or they will go northward, and endeavour to complete the fall of Oporto. In either case we are sure to fight them, and on that fight

depends the success of the Constitutional Cause. If you go with the shore party, you will repent it all your life; for, take my word, we are sure to have what you call 'a real good thing afloat.'"

I took Captain Ruxton's advice and remained afloat; but I was transferred to the flagship.

The fleet weighed next morning, and worked up the coast to "Lagos Bay," where the admiral put the ships and crews into fighting order and everything in place, after the disembarkation of the troops.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE morning of the 3rd of July, 1833, found the Constitutional fleet at anchor at Lagos.

It had just struck eight bells of the morning watch, and the pipes of the boatswain and his mates proclaimed to the "Reynha's" people the glad tidings that breakfast-hour had arrived. The yards had been squared, and every rope hauled taut, and coiled down. The decks were as white as snow, and the ship, fore and aft, aloft and below, was in "high kelter," and everything a man-of-war ought to be when fighting is expected. On the main-deck the formidable battery of long twenty-fours on either side was visible in one unbroken line. All bulkheads were down, and it was only neces-

sary at any moment to put out the fires, rig the fire-screens, and beat to quarters, and we were ready to go into action. Being all ready, our hearts were light; and, as we had reckoned that we should not get under way that day, some of us had even applied for a few hours' leave ashore, when in a moment, the key-note was struck which vibrated in every heart in every ship of the squadron.

I was just about to go to breakfast, when some observation addressed to me by the officer of the watch caused me to turn round, and that instant I saw a signal flying on board the "Liberal" schooner, our look-out vessel, which was cruising to seaward between Cape St. Vincent and Lagos Bay. The schooner was a beautiful Baltimore-built clipper, sent by Señor Mendezabel, the ministerial financier, specially as a tender to Admiral Napier. She was running down with the wind on her starboard quarter, under a press of sail, with a quantity of bunting flying, and the instant after I saw her she fired a gun.

In a few seconds all hands were on deck, from the admiral to the small powder-boy, and the meaning of the signal was soon communicated, "Enemy's fleet in sight."

Then arose, as from one man, and from every ship, three such cheers as would have made the heart of an anchorite dance with enthusiasm.

Three roaring, downright British cheers, which spoke out confidence, joy, and bold defiance, with the noble music of true and manly breasts.

"Hands up anchor!" The pipes seemed to scream without handling, the capstan-bars to ship themselves; yet there was neither rush nor hurry. The anchor was at the bows in no time. The signal flying, "Follow the Admiral's motions." "The jib run up." "Away aloft." "Lay out." "Loose sails." "Let fall." "Sheet home." "Hoist away the topsails;" and we were under weigh, as though the ship helped to set herself going. We passed ahead, and one by one the other ships fell

into their allotted stations, and we were reaching out to sea to meet our enemy.

We had barely cleared the Bay of Lagos, when the Miguelite fleet hove in sight, appearing, ship after ship, off the bluff of Cape St. Vincent, cut out against the deep blue sky to windward. Every eye was strained, every available glass in requisition, as one after another the great ships, under easy sail, appeared in view.

"One — two line-of-battle ships," was whispered, with bated breath. Two tiers of guns, any way. "Another — three." Next a great spanking frigate, half as big again as ourselves, under her topsails only, apparently to keep her from running away from her consorts. A real beauty this one, with lines of perfect symmetry, and a long, long tier of guns on her main-deck—"four." Two more, either frigates or large corvettes, smart and symmetrical as the last—"six." "One more"—a smaller craft, evidently a corvette. Four brigs, very large and smart — "eleven in all."

Eleven in all! Three line-of-battle ships! This was, indeed, more than we had reckoned on.

We were but five ships—three frigates, a small corvette, and a brig. The schooner had but a long Tom, and could not be reckoned. But we had five paddle-wheel steamers, which, though unarmed, might perhaps be useful in the light hot weather should it fall a calm, when "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

"It is Admiral Parker and the British Tagus squadron," said the officer of marines to me, quietly; "you don't suppose that is the Miguelite fleet in such force, do you?"

There was no occasion for my answering, although I was sailor enough to distinguish between the rig, the build, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the carriage and manner of the ships I saw, and those of Admiral Parker's squadron; but the eye of the marine was less critical.

My answer was nipped in the bud by the

admiral, who, jumping down from a quarter-deck carronade, from which he had been scrutinizing the enemy, said to Captain George, "Beat to quarters; that is the Miguelite fleet."

And instantly, in rapid succession, rolled out gaily from drum and fife the well-known rattling music to which Dibdin's glorious sea-song goes so well—

> "Come, cheer up my lads,
> 'Tis to glory we steer,
> To add something more
> To this wonderful year."

Many a noble tar tripped lightly below, humming this very air, whose tongue was hushed and whose true heart was cold in the icy grasp of death before many hours had passed.

The Miguelite fleet, when it first appeared to us, was about six miles distant, quietly making sail while we were getting under way, evidently with the view of jamming us into the deep narrow Bay of Lagos.

But they had to do with the man who in one day, between sunrise and sunset, had

stripped and re-rigged all ataunto the "Galatea" frigate at Spithead. A thorough seaman, backed by thorough seamen.

We were away and to windward of the Miguelites in less than three quarters of an hour. And thus our little line was formed. The admiral, leading in the "Reynha de Portugal" frigate; next the "Don Pedro," our double-banked frigate, Captain Goble; then the "Donna Maria," Captain Henry; followed by the "Portuense" corvette, Captain Blackiston; and the "Villa Flor" brig, Captain Ruxton.

The five steamers formed a line well to windward of us, their steam and paddles easily enabling them to hold their weatherly position.

By the time we had formed our small double line, both fleets were heading to the northward. The Miguelites between us and Cape St. Vincent, which might have been distant about five miles from the enemy, bearing about N.N.E.

And now commenced a series of manœuvres on the part of Admiral Napier.

Sooth to say, admirably played up to by the Miguelite admiral.

Although our number of ships was small, we had one, not inconsiderable, advantage, viz.: the rate of sailing of all five was about equal. The "Reynha" was decidedly the best, but, leading, the admiral had her always well in hand; whereas among the enemy's ships a great disparity existed in their motive capabilities. The leading line-of-battle ship had constantly to shorten sail for the two others. And the leading frigate, under her three topsails, was able evidently to run away from them all. So with the light air of wind, they several times during that day (the third of July) became divided into two separate squadrons. The heavy-sailing ships in one, the lighter-heeled in another. But they managed to re-form their line in tolerably compact order again before our admiral could avail himself of the opening.

Night set in with the two squadrons in the positions I have endeavoured to describe; the watch was called, although the

hammocks were not piped down, the look-out men doubled, and a night of anxious expectation set in.

It was darker than usual for the time of the year. The lights on board the Miguelite ships, therefore, shone brightly out, and, as the gun-decks of all the large ships were illuminated fore and aft, every port flashed with light, and the effect was very striking; while the hulls and the tracery of the spars and rigging, thrown into stronger shade, gave a strange, gaunt, and weird appearance to the whole, as under such sail as suited each ship they rode over the gently undulating sea, like so many athletes, armed at all points, and ready for a deadly struggle.

The wind had freshened, and the Miguelites continued to crawl off the land, while we made no attempt to luff up, but keeping rap full, were ready at any moment, should the opportunity occur, to divide their line, so as to render it very difficult for them to re-unite it.

We were occasionally within half range of each other, and at no time during the night

more than a long shot. Nevertheless, the admiral would not allow the people in the flagship to be kept to their guns.

Worn out with fatigue, intense anxiety, and expectation, I laid down between two of the after-wardroom guns, and slept soundly until I was aroused by the drums and fifes beating to quarters. It was barely light, but I jumped on deck, and perceived that in the night the enemy had become divided into two divisions, and that our admiral, with his ships well together, was between them. There was but a very light air of wind.

The heavy ships were "all of aheap," out of range to leeward, while five of the smaller ones were just within our grasp, could we only get way through the water.

The admiral had signalled the steamers to close, when, suddenly the wind came off the land freshly with daylight, and at the precise point which enabled the Miguelite admiral to close upon his smaller craft, while the breeze which he brought down baffled us not a little, and the "Donna Maria"

frigate was for a short time in a critical position between two line-of-battle ships. Some smart manœuvres took place again, which resulted, as the wind, after baffling about, settled nearly at the old point, in our recovering the weather-gage and re-forming our line.

That day passed much as the previous one had done, and night again closed in upon the same anxiety and expectation.

Many, indeed, expressed their opinion that the admiral "did not like it." That he considered the disparity of force too great, and that his present object was to keep his formidable foe amused, and draw him as far away as he could from the coast, while the Duke of Terceira made play, and reached Lisbon.

The morrow, however, showed the fallacy of these predictions.

## CHAPTER V.

Day dawned on the morning of the 5th of July, a day never to be forgotten by those who took part in its doings, either in the Pedroite or Miguelite fleets.

Day dawned, a mild and lovely southern morning, admirably suited to our purpose. It was a dead calm. The deep blue sea was undisturbed by a ripple, save where the light-winged flying-fish darted swiftly o'er the surface of the water, or a porpoise rolled plungingly over, baring his back, glittering with green and gold, to the rays of the morning sun.

The ships, both our own and those of the enemy, lay with their heads all round the compass. The canvas flapped idly

against the spars, and there was no steerage-way on the ships. The wheel struggled for liberty in the helmsman's hands, and the quarter-master at the "con" inwardly whistled for a breeze.

The first excitement caused by the sight of the enemy, and the hope of a speedy rencontre with him, had given place to the sickening re-action of hope delayed and the doubt whether Admiral Napier really "meant it," as the men forward expressed it; for nothing had fallen from him likely to indicate his purpose. Like the present French Emperor, he was a man of few words, and took counsel of himself only.

But when we beheld the dead calm, and looked at the disorder of the enemy and at the five steamers, we saw that our opportunity had arrived; and I believe every man said inwardly, "This day we fight;" and hope revived in every heart.

About six a.m. a light breeze sprung up, to die away, revive, and die away again, demanding constant attention at the braces, until, after veering about for some hours,

at eleven o'clock it again fell "stark calm."

The admiral, who had been pacing the quarter-deck for some time, jumped on a carronade, took a look round the horizon, and, casting a glance towards the steamers, ordered their captains to be signalled for; and they were quickly on board.

Arrived on the quarter-deck, the admiral addressed them. "Gentlemen," he said, "you see it is a dead calm. I want you to give me your help for twenty minutes, and those ships" (pointing to the enemy) "are mine. I want each of you to take a ship in tow, run her right under the stern of one of those big ships, then cast off and get away as quick as you can. What do you say? Come, for the honour of old England! Don't see such a glorious opportunity lost to your countrymen."

But the skippers looked doubtingly at each other, and none answered; the steamers had been engaged in England as tenders or transports, were unarmed,

and the skippers hesitated, not unnaturally, to take their ships under fire. It was a grave responsibility, and we could not blame them.

They intimated their cause of hesitation to the admiral, and wound up by saying that, if he would guarantee them a thousand pounds each, share and share alike, for every one—captain, engineer, and foremastman—in the event of the Miguelite squadron being captured, they would risk everything, and tow us into action.

But the admiral could only promise them share of prize-money, each man according to the rank he held, corresponding to that of the officers and men of the fleet.

The skippers declined to tow us into action on these terms, and were about to leave the ship, when a scene occurred thoroughly characteristic of the British tar.

Every man could see the opportunity offered by the calm, and anticipated that the steamers would tow us into action. The men had crowded aft as far as they

could, without encroaching on the quarter-deck. They could not hear the "palaver," as they called it; but when the skippers touched their hats, and turned to the gangway, the word passed forward that the steamers would not go into action because the captains wanted too much money. Forthwith there was a low hum among the people, and the petty officers came aft, with their hats in their hands, and asked to speak to the admiral.

"What is it now?" said the veteran.

"Please, your honour," quoth an old salt, "we hears as how these ere steamboat skippers wants money to tow us into action; and as, mayhap, your honour left the key of your chest ashore, or, maybe, sent the money to a 'hagent,' if so be your honour won't be offended, the people for'ard says as how they have all got 'their'n' as was paid them in Oporto roads; and if your honour will just take and give it to these ere captings, mayhap that'll satisfy them, and they can take us down to have a slap at Mounseer Portugee-man."

The delicate manner in which Jack offered his earnings to the admiral for a chance of a "go in" was not lost upon him. But he laughed as he said, "Well done, my lads! you are all the brave old sort, I see; but keep your gold—we will do without the steamers."

Even as he spoke a light cat's-paw of a breeze came stealing away from the westward, followed by a stronger breeze, crisping up the waves as it freshened. In ten minutes it struck us. We filled and had way.

At this time we were astern of the other ships, as regarded our position relatively to the enemy. The order was given, "Beat to quarters;" the signal sent aloft, "Follow the 'Admiral's' motions" —"Engage the ships indicated." We passed the other ships of the squadron as we took our place. The crews of each, as we did so, jumped into the lower rigging and gave us three deafening cheers, which were as lustily responded to by our men before they went down to their guns; and

then, while they stripped to their waists and stood to their guns on the main-deck, we clewed up our top-gallant-sails, and with the courses in the brails, under our three top-sails, with the blue-and-white Constitutional flag nailed to the top-gallant mast-head, and another at the mizen-peak, we bore down to attack the enemy's flag-ship, also named the "Reynha." The "Don Pedro" attacked the "Don Johan," the second line-of-battle ship; the "Donna Maria" attacked the enemy's large frigate, the "Duchessa de Braganza;" and the "Portuense" and "Villa Flor" tackled the other big ship, the "Martin Freitas."

All this time, however, the enemy had not been asleep. The instant after our men had given the three cheers and the bunting was visible aloft in our ship, the signal seemed to be taken up by the Miguelites, who reformed their line as the breeze came down; and from front to rear they opened fire upon us in grand and regular order. In a few seconds, while their ships were enveloped in white smoke

and in broad sheets of flame, the shot came hissing and hurtling through the air, and striking the water up in pillars of spray as they ricocheted along the tops of the waves. Many took effect as we bore down, and several men were killed on the main-deck, while the master and others were struck down on the spar-deck.

All this while—and it was a long ten or fifteen minutes—not one of our frigates replied to the enemy's fire, except the "Don Pedro," which, as she passed the "Martin Freitas," fired a shot (I believe contrary to orders) from one of her forward guns; and a lucky shot it was, for it struck the fore-topmast of the "Martin Freitas," which, with the yards, sails, and gear, fell inboard on the spar-deck, killing and injuring many men, and rendering the ship unmanageable —a dead log on the water. The "Freitas" was instantly engaged by the "Portuense" and "Villa Flor;" and all three were hidden from us by the smoke of their own guns. But the "Pedro" and the "Donna Maria," still, with the above

exception, reserving their fire, continued to bear down on their respective antagonists.

I saw the "Donna" run alongside of the "Duchessa de Braganza," delivering her whole broadside in one thundering crash when she was muzzle to muzzle with her enemy, and then I jumped down below to the main-deck, where I was a volunteer at the after-division guns.

The sight upon that main-deck was a grand and imposing one.

Right along the starboard battery stood the men, stern, silent, steady, resolute, stripped to the waist, every man at his station—the captains of the guns with the lanyards in their hands; and, though two-and-thirty men had fallen, killed and wounded, on that deck, and the wet swab had barely effaced the blood, all were as firm and steady as though about to fire a salute at Spithead.

The officers were each with their divisions, with their swords drawn, eager but silent, and watchful of one who stood right aft on the main-deck: Captain George,

who, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, was quietly watching the enemy's ship as we neared her. A shot came in at the last port but one, on the starboard side, and cut a man asunder, the upper part of his body striking Captain George, and covering him with blood. He took a cambric handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the blood from his face, and, looking again through the port, stepped back, raised the speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and gave the word "Fire!"

Every lanyard, I believe, was pulled at the same instant, and the broadside was delivered as our main-deck guns were almost touching the enemy's bends, and level with her lower deck. Double-shotted with round and canister, as the guns were, this broadside must have done terrible execution on the main-deck of our enemy, crowded, as we afterwards found it, with men and boys. Loud shrieks and groans from the Portuguese, following instantly on the thundering discharge of our great guns, were answered by a defiant cheer

from our men as they re-loaded. But that broadside was not delivered, for the next moment came the boatswain's whistle, followed by a stentorian shout, "Away, there, boarders! away!" and, with a rush like the surging of a mighty wave, up the ladders dashed, not only the officers and men of the boarding party, who were distinguished by a strip of white canvas sewed round the right arm, but nearly all hands. It was with extreme difficulty any men were kept at the guns; with drawn cutlasses and tomahawks up they rushed, madly eager, and in a few seconds, led by a lot of heroic young officers, were escalading the wall side of the enemy's ship.

Escalading is the only word that gives an idea of their feat, for the enemy's ship towered high above us, her hammock nettings being half-way up our lower rigging.

From their forecastle and poop the enemy opened a very heavy fire of musketry, which was answered with a rattling and deadly fusillade by our

marines; and death was at high jinks—the scene a very pandemonium.

Up swarmed our men despite musketry or boarding-pike, and were quickly on the enemy's deck, where their task seemed only to begin.

Carried away with wild excitement, I had seized a tomahawk, and was just about to jump up the main-hatchway ladder, when in the rush I was capsized and trodden lightly over by a score of men. I regained my feet, and tried the fore-hatchway ladder with better success.

"Come on, Mister Soldier," shouted a stalwart tar—"the more the merrier!" as, after once losing my hold, and nearly dropping between the ships, I made a grasp at the shank of the old "Reynha's" anchor. "Come on—never say die!" and he seized me by the hair of the head—I am bald there to this day—and, pulling me inboard, pitched me on my face on the top-gallant forecastle, thereby saving me from a sort of "cut seven" made at me by a Portuguese officer, whose well-intended stroke was spent on the

rail. The next instant my friend had run him through the body, and I regained my feet.

"Young Charley," as our people called the admiral's stepson, had led this party of boarders; and he and his henchman "Black Wilson," the admiral's coxswain, had been nearly five minutes alone before our lot came to their support.

Five minutes with hounds and a burning scent in a good country is a good thing if you are well mounted; but it is a long time for two men to stand against five-and-twenty or thirty, every one determined to hew them to pieces; and it is then anything but a good thing.

Captain Charley was down—dead, it seemed to me; for he lay on his face in a great pool of blood, perfectly motionless, while Black Wilson bestrode his body, laying about him, like an incarnate fiend, with a great iron crowbar, with which he struck down his enemies right and left, as they thrust at him with their bayonets. They were all marines.

"Hoorah, my lads! Hoorah! Bear a hand here, boys!' Drive them over the break!" shouted Wilson.

More men swarmed up, and, by intuition as it seemed, jamming themselves together, they made a desperate rush at the marines, who had fallen back to the fife-rail; and, amid oaths and execrations both loud and deep, curses and yells, pistol-shots, smoke and fire, the fife-rail gave way, and, tail over end, pell-mell went English tar and Portuguese marine smash into the waist.

I fell upon three or four men, and a Portuguese marine, with his own bayonet driven right through him by one of our people, bit me through the leg in his dying agony. I had much trouble to shake him off. When I did, I saw our men still swarming up like demons, shouting and yelling, over the waist hammock-nettings, and a scene in the waist itself that baffles all description.

It seemed to me that nearly all the Portuguese on the spar-deck were soldiers, at least the majority were; and these, in

utter confusion and desperation, were firing in all directions, certainly killing and wounding many of their own men: any way, adding to the confusion by the smoke, while our men were cutting them down and tomahawking them right and left.

Two officers (I believe Lieutenant Liot and Lieutenant Collis) managed to form something like a line, or rather an irregular close column of our men, and, shouting "Now, men, with a will! Give it them!" another rush was made. The Portuguese were driven aft to the entering port and down the main-hatchway, while many were seized by our men and pitched right overboard.

On the poop another desperate encounter was going on; but who had the best of it we could not tell, having plenty of work on our own hands and the poop being enveloped in smoke.

I tumbled over something or somebody, and came full tilt against the admiral himself, who was stooping down by a carronade, I thought badly wounded.

"Are you hurt, admiral?" I said.

"Hurt, man? No! But I have lost my hat!" quoth old Charlie. "See can you find it for me—your eyes are better than mine—and bring it me on the poop."

This is literal fact, and his very words. Certainly I did not take much trouble about the hat; but, snatching up the sword of poor Captain George, who lay dead close by, shot through the heart, between Frank Wooldridge, a most gallant officer, and a dead seaman, I sprang after the admiral, who was making the best of his way after Collis towards the poop.

But Collis and his men were too quick for us. There was another yell: the waist party had joined that on the poop. I missed my step again, and when I recovered myself, saw Collis in the act of hauling down the white Miguelite ensign, and the Portuguese admiral handing his sword to Admiral Napier. The ship was won.

The people down below laid down their arms, and surrendered quietly.

In a few moments the blue-and-white constitutional flag, the Bandanna Bicolor, was flying at the mizen-peak; a strong guard was placed over the prisoners; and, our own "Reynha" frigate having been got clear of her great namesake, both ships bore up to the assistance of the remainder of our own squadron.

In the meantime the "Donna Maria," after delivering one broadside, had boarded and carried the "Duchessa de Braganza" in the most dashing manner, after a desperate struggle of ten or twelve minutes, in which the Portuguese fought well.

Nearly the same thing had occurred in the case of the "Don Pedro" and the "Don Johan" the enemy's second line-of-battle ship. Captain Goble had, however, much difficulty in laying his ship alongside of the "Don Johan," so well did the Portuguese handle her; and several broadsides were exchanged before the "Pedro," grasping her enemy at length, repeated the feat of the "Reynha" and the "Donna Maria," and carried the "Don Johan" in

gallant style, but with considerable loss. Captain Goble was among the killed.

The "Don Johan" had just struck when we bore up to the assistance of the "Pedro."

All this time a rattling fight had been going on between the "Martin Freitas" and her two plucky little assailants, the "Portuense" and "Villa Flor."

No sooner had her foretop-mast fallen than the "Freitas" was attacked by her diminutive foes. Being an old-fashioned, double-banked frigate, her ports were very small, and having also a very heavy armament, long two-and-thirties, she was unable to depress her guns sufficiently to enable her to make her shot tell upon her little antagonists when they closed with her.

Captain Ruxton ("Villa Flor") instantly perceived this advantage, so important to him, and at once ran his little brig, with her long-eighteens at full elevation, and double-shotted with round and canister, right under the great old-fashioned stern of the "Martin Freitas," and there delivered

broadside after broadside, raking the great ship with a terrible and destructive fire.

The "Portuense," however, was less fortunate.

Captain Blakiston, her commander, seeing the manœuvre of the "Villa Flor," thought he should best aid her by keeping off a little on the port-quarter, which he did, and opened a brisk fire on the "Freitas."

But he was too far off. The "Freitas" gave him a whole broadside from her two-and-thirties, which would surely have sunk him had it been as well directed as intended. As it was, Captain Blakiston was mortally wounded by the splinter of a belaying kevel, and many men were killed and wounded. The officer who succeeded Captain Blakiston at once adopted the tactics of the "Villa Flor," laying his ship so close under the port-quarter of the "Freitas" that the yard-arms of the "Portuense" were touching the bulwarks of the enemy, and there rattled away at

her, until there was a hole in her quarter big enough to ride a horse through.

Nevertheless, the Portuguese stuck to their guns, and blazed away, making much noise, if they did little work, and the marines, in great numbers on the poop and forecastle, kept up a constant fire. It was only when the captain of the "Freitas" saw that his own flag-ship, as well as the "Don Johan" and the "Duchessa de Braganza" had struck, and that all were bearing down upon him, that he hauled down his colours.

Jumping on the taffrail of his ship, he called out to Captain Ruxton to come on board, and he would surrender his sword to him, as he was the man who best deserved it.

Thus we had possession of four of the largest ships—the "Reynha de Portugal," flag-ship of the Miguelite admiral, eighty guns; the "Don Johan the Sixth," seventy-six guns; the "Duchessa de Braganza," sixty guns; the "Martin Freitas," eighty guns.

Immediately after two corvettes struck. These had never fired a shot, whether from cowardice or disaffection (probably the latter) I never ascertained; and one corvette and four brigs, immediately we closed with the larger ships, had squared away and run to the southward, and were only heard of months afterwards, when they came rolling into the Tagus, with the Bicolor flying, and the news of the surrender of Madeira.

The two corvettes made the number of the prizes up to six—viz., two line-of-battle ships, two frigates, two corvettes.

The action lasted in all just three hours. Our loss had, however, been very severe. On board the flag-ship we had every officer who went with the boarders either killed or wounded. Young Charlie Napier had received no less than nineteen bayonet-wounds, and was not for a moment expected to recover. Captain George was shot through the heart; Lieutenant Wooldridge killed; Lieutenants Collis, Gidney, and Dare severely wounded; and all the

others more or less badly hurt. The admiral himself received a severe contusion on the chest. Several officers were killed on board the "Donna Maria." Captain Goble, of the "Don Pedro," was killed early in the action. Captain Stanhope, his officer of marines, and many others whose names I cannot now remember, were killed and wounded. Captain Blakiston, of the "Portuense," was killed. The loss in the different ships' companies was great; but I cannot state it with precision, as we were not particular about official returns, and each ship separately returned its casualty-list some time afterwards, when I was on shore and at other work; therefore I can only give a proximate total of the loss. In our own ship, the "Reynha de Portugal," we had four officers killed and eleven wounded, and forty-seven men killed and seventy-two wounded. In the "Donna Maria" I believe the loss was two officers killed and six wounded, with thirty-two men killed and forty wounded. In the "Pedro," three officers (including Captain

Goble) killed and six wounded; thirty men killed and sixty wounded. In the "Portuense," two officers killed (including Captain Blakiston) and two wounded; two men killed and twenty-two wounded. In the "Villa Flor," not an officer or man killed or wounded.

Such, as nearly as I can describe it, was the action of the 5th of July, 1833, off Cape St. Vincent. Its result was the capture and dispersion of the Miguelite fleet.

At a single blow Admiral Napier had rid the Emperor of a grave cause of constant anxiety, cleared the whole coast of a powerful and dangerous fleet, and removed a great obstacle to the success of the Duke of Terceira. He had also relieved the garrison of Oporto of all fear for the seaboard, and, by the great moral weight of the affair, completely turned the scale in favour of the Pedroite cause. Considered on its merits as a naval achievement, I believe it has never been excelled, the disparity of force being taken into consideration. Nevertheless, while nothing can detract from the daring and brilliancy

of the exploit, it must be admitted that Fortune favoured the gallant admiral as she is said always to favour the brave. There can be no doubt that, had the corvettes and brigs behaved as well as their Miguelite consorts, the success of our little squadron would have been doubtful in the extreme, or in any case our loss would have been something terrible. However, as Captain Ruxton had predicted, it was indeed "a real good thing" in more senses than one.

The prizes being secured, the "Martin Freitas" and the "Pedro" were taken in tow by a couple of steamers. The rest made sail, and all bore away to Lagos to refit.

We came to an anchor at 7 p.m. on the evening of the 5th. A good sight of the action was obtained by the crew of a large French steamer bound somewhere up the Mediterranean, which came running down the coast just as the action commenced, and from the poop of which a large party of French ladies—the ship being kept well out of range—had a sight seldom vouch-

safed to the gentler sex. I hope they enjoyed it.

Such, however, was the action of the 5th of July, 1833. Peace be to the manes of those who fell; and for those who survive, may their shadows not diminish this many a day is the honest prayer of an old comrade.

## CHAPTER VI.

At Lagos, after the mortal remains of the officers and men who had fallen in the action of the 5th of July had been buried, the business of refitting was carried on with an energy and rapidity worthy of our gallant chief; and in a few days we were ready for sea again, the fleet having been completely reorganised.

The admiral hoisted his flag on board the "Don Johan."

The Miguelite line-of-battle ship the "Reynha," which had carried the enemy's flag at Cape St. Vincent, was declared unserviceable. She was completely hogged, and had been doubled up to her lower-deck ports. She was a very old ship, and had

been fitted out merely for the purpose of helping to capture our squadron.

The Miguelite admiral had calculated that, although not sea-worthy in bad weather, her capability of carrying and using a heavy armament in smooth water, and her excellent sailing qualities, rendered her a valuable addition to his fleet. And so well did he like her that he hoisted his own flag in her. With what result has been shown.

The corvettes (prizes), with the "Duchessa de Braganza," which had one of her quarters smashed in by the "Donna's" broadside, were also left behind (*pro tem.*); and the remainder of the fleet got under way, and steered for the Tagus.

Off Cape St. Vincent, the cholera broke out in every ship in the fleet, a case occurring in every vessel within an hour; and, crowded as we were with prisoners, a great number of officers and men fell victims to this terrible malady.

Nevertheless, we arrived off the bar of Lisbon in formidable array; and the

admiral at once prepared to force the passage, and to run the gauntlet of the forts.

This was an act of temerity in conception, I believe, almost without parallel in the annals of naval warfare at that time.

In the present day of iron-clads and giant ordnance, we have seen the former beaten off and foiled at Charleston and elsewhere (for Charleston was not taken from the seaboard); and it is still a moot question among naval men of high standing whether, in an attack upon properly-constructed land-defences, iron-clads can prevail, all things being equal.

But to force a passage with wooden ships up the narrow entrance of the Tagus was an act of daring that made even the captors of the "Gama" and "Esmeralda" look very grave when they considered its problematical result.

In the first place, the Tagus, although from three to four miles wide at its mouth, is not navigable by Nafaria and the south side of the Bogio.

This is a very strong circular work,

forming, in fact, two concentric forts, in the centre of which is a small tower, with a lighthouse on it about fifty feet high. It stands on a spit of sand, which forms the south-west part of the bar. This spit is called the South Cachopa, or, as our tars call these shoals, the "Catchups."

Vessels of light draught can pass through the south passage at certain times of the tide, but it was impracticable for us, as was also the Corredor passage to the north, below Fort San Juliano and the Dente de Cachopa. Our only course, then, was between the Bogio on the south, which was heavily armed, having a tier of great guns "en barbette," and Fort San Juliano on the north; the latter a regular Vauban fort, mounting over two hundred guns, and having also a heavy water-battery.

These forts cross their fire; and the risk from the guns level with the water was most serious, to say nothing of the ordinary risks of the navigation with a fleet even of the Barra Grande.

Supposing these two forts passed, we had to encounter the defences at Belem Castle, and also numerous other smaller batteries.

Between Fort San Juliano and the North Cachopa there is a deep, narrow channel, which should never be taken, except with a free wind. It is too narrow to work through. It is called the Barra Pequena. The north shoal is rocky—Dente de Cachopa. We therefore had to deal with the Barra Grande only. Now the Barra Grande ranges about a mile in width, between the two Cachopas of navigable water, the course through being north-east, or thereabouts, by compass—the tide strong on the flood, but still stronger on the ebb, especially in rainy weather.

In strong southerly or westerly winds there is a terrible sea on the bar, breaking right across on the ebb. The two Cachopas lie nearly in the direction of the Barra Grande, on either side of it for about two miles from the Bogio. So

much for the bar, as regards its navigation.

The defences of the passage are most formidable. To save what may be to many a dry and long detail of the fortifications which line the river, from Belem down through the Cachopas, I will merely remark that on the northern shore there are no less than thirteen batteries, and some heavy forts besides that of San Juliano, and that the tide, both flood and ebb, follows that shore till Paco D'Arcos is passed. It then crosses to the opposite shore abreast Belem Castle; from there running somewhat wildly from shore to shore, up to Lisbon.

The reader will be able to judge of the boldness, the daring of the man who could conceive such an attempt. It is quite certain he would have attempted it. The ships were cleared for action, and the admiral was on the point of leading the way in the "Don Johan," when the "Viper" schooner, tender to Admiral Parker, ran out with the welcome intelli-

gence that Lisbon was in possession of the Duke of Terceira.

Great was the rejoicing at this news, and loud and oft repeated the cheering.

And here I must express my firm conviction, from what I have since seen, that this passage of the forts, if it had been attempted, could only have been accomplished at a fearful loss of life, and probably of ships.

We ran up the Tagus, both Fort San Juliano and the Bogio saluting us with shotless guns, and we returning the compliment with the same weapons of courtesy.

Every fort and battery, right up to fort St. George, repeated the salute, as did the whole of Admiral Parker's (the British) squadron, and the French ships in the river; and ships and city were wreathed in clouds of white smoke, through which flashed the bright warlike flame in welcome, while the Bandanna Bicolor waved in every direction, and the joy-bells rung out from tower and steeple. The river at the same time was crowded

with open boats, full of well-dressed women and men, who *viva*'d with right good-will, and fluttered in the breeze no end of fine cambric.

The white smoke was rising aloft, curling round Fort St. George, as we took up our respective berths, the flag-ship anchoring abreast the arsenal. The labours of the naval men were practically at an end from that time. I went on shore a few days after, and never saw more "service" afloat.

## CHAPTER VII.

"There is a tide in the affairs of man
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."
—SHAKESPEARE.

THE march of the Duke of Terceira from the Algarve was a complete success. Until he arrived within two days' journey of the left bank of the Tagus he encountered no opposition worth mentioning; but there he learnt that General Jourdan, the Miguelite commandant of Lisbon, had massed a force at Almeida, on the south bank of the river, to give him battle, and the situation became critical.

The greater part of the duke's men were raw levies, whereas the Miguelites were all old soldiers, above seven thousand strong; and Jourdan, himself an officer of the

Beresford school, was a man of known talent.

This force had to be disposed of before the Tagus—very wide at Almeida—could be crossed. And, supposing Jourdan worsted, it was scarcely probable that he would leave his enemy the means of transporting his troops across the river. At that moment, then, all that the duke and his followers (even the most sanguine) could hope for was to hold their own. The passage of the Tagus seemed impracticable. Nevertheless, the Duke of Terceira, feeling that to hesitate was to lose all he had gained from the new-born enthusiasm of his followers (at least the majority of them), and that inaction would daily cause numbers to fall away from him, determined to attack Jourdan at once and at all risks.

Now it happened that shortly before this an English schooner, the "Eugenie," on her passage out to join Admiral Napier, was run hard and fast ashore between the Berlingas Islands, to the northward of Cascaes and the fortified town of Peniche.

The "Eugenie" was full of officers and men for the constitutional squadron; and the captain was so anxious to join Admiral Napier that, despite the entreaties of the master, who knew the coast well, he ran between the Berlingas and the main; and thus, endeavouring to save time, he lost his ship.

In the morning (the passage was attempted at night, and a little after high water) the schooner was nearly high and dry. The Miguelites came down from the fort of Peniche, captured the whole crew of the "Eugenie," officers and men, and marched them off to Lisbon, prisoners of war. The schooner was burnt where she took the ground. The crew of this unlucky craft were locked up in the same gaol with a great number of Portuguese political prisoners.

On the very day, however, that Marshal Jourdan was marching out (he hoped) to give the *coup de grâce* to the Duke of Terceira, an officer named Fitch—a lieutenant who had gone home with Admiral

Sartorius and was returning to take service with Admiral Napier—Captain Wilson, Mr. Watson of the "Eugenie," the master, and some other Englishmen, together with a lot of distinguished Portuguese gentlemen, also prisoners, managed to overpower the guard at the Lamoira prison, where they were confined. They at once released all the English sailors and all the political prisoners, broke into the arsenal, where they easily overpowered the guard, armed their followers, and, being joined by a vast multitude of the justly discontented populace of Lisbon, bore down all opposition. They seized on Fort St. George, Belem Castle, and every *point d'appui* in or about Lisbon; and in a few hours the city was in a state of insurrection against Don Miguel; and thus a most gallant and well-timed diversion was caused in favour of the Duke of Terceira.

"Out of evil cometh good." Assuredly the loss of the "Eugenie" was a most fortunate occurrence for the cause of constitutional freedom in Portugal.

General Jourdan was no sooner made acquainted with the insurrection than he prepared to re-cross the Tagus to quell it; but finding on his arrival nearly the whole population in arms, in open revolt, and desperately bent upon fighting to the last, he withdrew hastily to Campo Grande, to the northward of the city. He saw all the hazard of an encounter in Lisbon with the infuriated and well-armed inhabitants, who were already barricading the narrow streets, and, sooth to say, he was not too sure of the fidelity of his own troops.

Fitch and his comrades then seized upon every available boat, crossed the river, and the Duke of Terceira was made acquainted with this most favourable state of things; upon which he forced a march, attacked the rear-guard of Jourdan's force before it could embark, killed a great number, took many prisoners, and quickly crossed over to Lisbon, where he was received with rapture by the people.

This occurred only the day before Admiral Napier appeared off the bar of Lisbon with

the fleet. And thus, by a most gallant *coup de main*, and the concurrence of several most fortunate circumstances, the Constitutionalists were put in possession of the capital of Portugal almost without a struggle. "In war," said the first Emperor Napoleon, "the moral is to the physical as three to one." His axiom was fully exemplified in this case, and, it may be added, in war good fortune often goes as far as good strategy; for most assuredly neither the Duke of Terceira nor Admiral Napier could have calculated upon the advent of such an extraordinary piece of good luck; nor could General Jourdan have been prepared for such a *contretemps* as that which befel him.

However, such in brief is the story of the capture of Lisbon by the Constitutionalists, and with it the seat of government, the archives of the country, the forts, arsenals, and stores, vast quantities of arms, ammunition, clothing, and treasure—all by a lucky opportunity boldly and dexterously seized.

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It need scarcely be added that the moral effect of this *coup de main*, following closely upon the victory at Cape St. Vincent, was all-powerful. At once the British and French governments acknowledged Donna Maria II. as lawful Queen of Portugal, and her father, Don Pedro, as Regent; and from that time the ultimate success of the Constitutionalist cause was a foregone conclusion.

In less than a week the Emperor was in Lisbon, Admiral Napier and the Duke of Terceira having worked day and night forming the inhabitants into parties, who laboured incessantly at the defences of the city.

Every available man from the fleet was landed — marines, blue-jackets, and all; and with such a will did everybody "tail-on," that some very presentable field-works were thrown up to the northward of Lisbon. But to fortify it against a regular attack was not to be done in a day. It was altogether undefended on the land side when we got possession of it; and if Jourdan could have

depended on his men, nothing would have been easier than to have made a successful dash at the city for many days after it was in our possession. But he made no sign, remaining quietly in the neighbourhood of Loiros.

On the day of the Emperor's arrival in Lisbon, the Miguelite army investing Oporto made a desperate onslaught on our lines there. The news of the capture of their fleet, and the discomfiture of Jourdan, had determined Don Miguel to make a desperate effort to capture Oporto and annihilate the garrison. The attack was made—repulsed with great slaughter—obstinately renewed—and as obstinately repulsed a second and a third time, but with great loss to the defenders. The next day the Miguelite army broke up from before Oporto, and marched southward towards Coimbra and Lisbon, having first set fire to the town of Villa Nueva, the southern suburb of Oporto, in which was stored a vast quantity of valuable wine, the property of Portuguese and

English merchants. It was asserted that fourteen thousand pipes of port were destroyed, and that the Douro was reddened for hours with the rich juice, which, instead of gladdening the heart of man, was wastefully carried away to the broad Atlantic.

This act of Vandalism on the part of the Miguelites certainly in no way bettered their cause or increased the affection of the people of Oporto for the perpetrators of such wanton destruction. The inhabitants of the long-beleaguered city were, however, once more set free, to roam at will through the green fields, and amid the clustering vines of their beauteous suburbs. Shot and shell no longer disturbed their rest, or demolished their dwellings; and the siege of "Invicta Oporto" was raised.

The Miguelite army had now a long march before them ere they could reach Lisbon. Before they were nigh to Coimbra a large proportion of the garrison of Oporto was transferred to the capital in steamers,

making the passage without fatigue in about four-and-twenty hours, while their adversaries were toiling wearily along and slowly by the dusty roads, *en route* to Lisbon.

Arrived at the capital, our troops were speedily at the front; the field-works and defences of the place progressing more rapidly than the march of the Miguelites. So that when the latter arrived before Lisbon, they found us well prepared for them, strong works having been thrown up from below Belem Castle, on the west, right away to the eastward of the Castle of St. George and Le Villa-Franca. A large force of volunteers was raised from the inhabitants of Lisbon, batteries armed, and everything ready to give the enemy a hot reception.

They arrived before Lisbon early in September 1833, and at once commenced constructing redoubts and bombarding our lines, which were well to the front.

At this time the youthful queen arrived in Lisbon from England in the "Soho"

steamer, another steamer, the "James Watt," bringing her suite.

A grand gala day was that. On the morning after the arrival of Queen Donna Maria in the Tagus, at eleven o'clock, all the men-of-war, English, French, and Portuguese, were dressed in their full array of many-coloured flags, and yards manned. A splendid procession of boats or gilded barges, bearing the Emperor Don Pedro and his staff, started from the arsenal and repaired on board the "Soho," where a most affectionate meeting took place between the ex-Emperor and his daughter the Queen.

The Emperor handed the Queen into the state barge, and at that moment Admiral Parker fired his first gun; and the royal salute was taken up by every ship having a gun to fire and by the batteries and forts on shore. The river swarmed with countless boats, crowded with well-dressed people, whose voices mingled with the cheers of the British tars.

Amid flashing guns and wreathing

smoke, loud acclamations, and ringing of bells, Queen Donna Maria Segunda landed at the Tirada Paz—Black Horse Square, as the British tars call it—the royal landing-place of Lisbon.

At this grand and properly so-called royal landing-place, the triple flight of whose marble steps is laved in rippling murmurs by the silvery Tagus, was assembled a goodly company of the best, the noblest, and the bravest of the ancient nobility of ancient Lusitania. There were bishops in their gorgeous Catholic vestments; general officers in glittering uniform; naval officers in the true-blue and gold, so dear to old England; there were orders and decorations won in the imminent deadly breach; and last, but not least, and best and most fair to look upon, a band of lovely and noble Portuguese maidens, attired in simple virgin white, in whose raven locks shone many a precious gem. These ladies bore baskets of flowers, which (kneeling gracefully), as the youthful Queen took her first step on the land

which owned her sway, they strewed upon the crimson velvet which covered the steps; and the rippling wave bore away to ocean the pure offering as the young Queen bowed her head to receive the benediction of the venerable archbishop of Lisbon.

Then, in magnificent procession, escorted by the fair, the noble, and the brave, the Queen proceeded to the cathedral of Lisbon, through streets decked in tapestry of gorgeous silk, which nearly hid the white fronts of the houses.

In the balconies of every window available were bevies of lovely and richly-dressed ladies, whose waving cambric and musical *vivas*, joined to the rough but heartfelt roars of welcome from the countless throngs of people in the streets, drew tears of sympathy from the bright eyes of the lovely cause of all this frantic enthusiasm.

Bearded men embraced each other and wept; women screamed themselves hoarse with *vivas;* English tars shied their hats in the air, and replaced them with the shovel-

shaped *chapeaux* from the heads of venerable padrès, who were not angry; and Lisbon went mad with joy.

The royal *cortége* filed at length into the interior of the noble cathedral, where, amid renewed thunders of artillery, the solemn peal of the organ, and the fervent prayers of many thousands of her subjects, the crown of Portugal was placed on the head of Queen Mary the Second, radiant with beauty and purity, a fitting emblem in herself of freedom, peace, and good-will among men.

That day, at least, was one to be marked with a white stone in the Portuguese calendar; albeit the enemy of all good, the vicious, truculent tyrant who had trodden the people under the iron hoof of oppression, with his well-drilled myrmidons, was thundering at the very threshold of the pure young creature's palace who had just been enthroned Queen of Portugal.

The people of Lisbon were happy; and I was happy too; for I had that day donned for the first time the uniform of a dragoon

officer, and on the new jacket was the decoration of the "Tower and Sword."

Just about this time I witnessed a scene highly characteristic of the Portuguese people of that day.

I had been dining one day (it was Sunday) on board the "Don Johan" in the ward-room, and was returning on shore with three officers of the flag-ship. We were in the ship's second cutter, and had just reached the marble steps of Black Horse Square, when a large Portuguese boat pulled in alongside of us. There was a sergeant's party of cacadores in her, and six prisoners, with their hands tied behind them with cords. One was a priest, four were peasants, and the other, a decently-attired man, it turned out, had been the public executioner in Don Miguel's time. He was a stern-looking fellow enough certainly; but I should rather have taken him for a soldier in mufti than a hangman. The boat had barely touched the landing-place, when a loud shouting-out of several names by the boatmen was answered by a

savage howl from a great crowd of labourers, who were at work (Sunday though it was) pulling down a large battery which had stretched from side to side of Black Horse Square when we first arrived in the Tagus, and which, being considered useless by our people, was in process of demolition; the guns had been removed some time before, and the battery was nearly levelled with the ground. I suppose there must have been two hundred labourers or more at work about the place. No sooner did these men hear the names of the executioner and the priest than, with cries, oaths, and execrations, they caught up huge stones from the heaps lying piled about the square, and, rushing towards the boat, were evidently bent upon mischief.

The three officers in our boat and I jumped ashore on the steps, and called upon the sergeant of the cacadores to protect his prisoners. He merely shrugged his shoulders, in a way that seemed to say, "Let the mob have their way." To have provoked a fight between the infuriated

crowd and our boat's crew, or to have allowed it, would have been madness. There were but four of ourselves; but, determined to protect the unfortunate prisoners, who, bound and unarmed, were incapable of helping themselves, we cut their bonds, and tumbled four of them—the peasants—into our boat. In a few seconds more we should have secured the other two; but that brief time was fatal to these two luckless men. With a savage yell the mob rushed on us like so many infuriated tigers. Some of the foremost of the crowd got some ugly slashes and sword-cuts from my three comrades and myself, and one fellow was run through the body, and afterwards died. Our men in the boat, in spite of all remonstrance, jumped on shore, and laid about them with their stretchers—an Englishman never uses his knife on such occasions, as the Portuguese would have done. But it was useless: we were overpowered and driven into our boat.

The executioner and the priest were

absolutely smashed to mummies with large stones, and even before we could shove off were indistinguishable as human beings. We made good our retreat with the four peasants, and pulled to the arsenal, where we gave them in charge to our marines, who were on guard there. I was glad, a few months afterwards, to see these peasants all at liberty, working in the palace gardens at Queluz. Certainly we came in the nick of time for them, or the mob would surely have murdered them.

We reported the cacadore sergeant to his colonel, who marked his sense of his subordinate's want of proper conduct by reducing him to the ranks one day and reinstating him the next.

I never heard how the priest had incurred the hatred of the mob. As to the executioner, that was easily understood. As the coxswain of the cutter sagely remarked, "It aren't nateral for men to like him as gets his bread by hanging people's fathers and brothers." I dare say the unfortunate victim of the infuriated

labourers had operated upon more than one relative of some of his murderers.

Singularly enough, another most melancholy affair, of which I was witness, occurred on the Sunday following.

I had accompanied a party of youngsters about my own age, most of them midshipmen from the squadron, on an excursion to Almeida, on the south side of the Tagus. We hired a lot of Portuguese hacks at Almeida, and cantered away gaily on the road to Setubal. It was a most lovely day; perhaps a trifle too hot to be pleasant. We were all in high spirits, and bantering and laughing was the order of the day. All sorts of mad pranks were performed; all sorts of impracticable places ridden at with horses who knew nothing of jumping; the result being no end of croppers to the riders, which elicited shouts of laughter from their companions.

When we had ridden and larked thus for about eight miles of the road, we pulled up at a roadside *posada*, or inn, where a great bush over the door, and the inscription

"Aqui se vende bon vinho," told us we could assuage our thirst, which by this time was great.

I think there were about a dozen of us in all.

We dismounted, and, giving our sorry and jaded nags to a lot of ragged urchins to hold, entered the house, which was a fine old Portuguese *hacienda*. Like all *posadas*, it had a large common room where the meals were served. It was a spacious and lofty apartment. On one side was a huge chimney, with seats on either hand capable of accommodating a dozen people. Huge iron pots hung upon hooks over a great wood fire which crackled on the hearth; while from numerous stew-pans and pipkins came forth the savoury odour of luscious ragout and dainty puchera, well seasoned with spicy garlic.

The *comida* (dinner) was in course of preparation.

About the chimney and on the walls countless copper cooking utensils, bright and refulgent as burnished gold, and a

grand array of huge flitches of bacon and well-cured hams, formed a goodly and harmonious garniture to the place. The room was scrupulously clean, the walls of spotless white, the floor well swept and sanded. The furniture was of great antiquity, formed of carved oak black with age.

The whole place had a cheering and pleasant aspect, speaking of rustic plenty and content; and the luxuriant vine that peeped in at the great open latticed window and toyed in the soft breeze with the glittering glass, whose well-polished diamond-shaped panes bespoke careful housewifery, was in exact keeping with the tone of the whole surrounding.

A great cuckoo-clock was just striking twelve as we entered; and we were greeted with smiles and a hearty welcome by the landlady and her two handsome daughters.

The *patrona* (hostess) was a fine tall buxom woman, of about five-and-thirty; she might have passed for ten years

younger but for her daughters, than whom I never saw two finer peasant-girls in my life.

The eldest, about eighteen, was a brunette, with the true Lusitanian tint of skin; large dark languishing eyes, and abundance of magnificent black hair; faultless teeth, a bewitching smile, and a figure lithe, graceful, and beautifully rounded. She was tall for a woman, and had a most musical voice.

Her sister was of that order of beauty so rarely met with in Southern Europe—a blonde of most exquisite fairness. Her hair was of the golden Marie Stuart hue, her eyes of a colour neither gray nor blue—their expression indescribably arch. She had the rarest lips and teeth, and sweetest dimple on her chin. Her nose was a little *retroussé*, her figure *petite*, but faultlessly formed. Altogether, she was a most piquant and lovable looking little creature, her brilliant fairness and delicacy of *tournure* exquisitely set off by the stately, queenlike form, the raven hair,

and olive-tinted skin of the dark beauty her sister.

"Que quercn ustedes, señores? Un vaso de vinho—un par de uevos?" "What do you want, gentlemen? A glass of wine—a pair of eggs?" said the smiling *patrona*.

Lots of ham and eggs were ordered. None of us liked Portuguese cookery. Great stoups of potent dry Lisbon wine soon sparkled on the board; the luncheon was served up by the fair hands of the daughters of the house, and disappeared with marvellous rapidity, as did flagon after flagon of the cool delicious wine.

There were two *paysannos* sitting on a stone settle by the window, with a stoup of wine between them; their black-and-white-striped blankets lying beside them, their heavy iron-tipped hazel-sticks in the hollow of their arms, and their *escapetas* (old-fashioned muskets) leaning against the wall.

They were fine stalwart-looking fellows, evidently muleteers, judging by their slashed brown jackets, bell buttons, silk

girdles, and leather gaiters. They looked more like Spaniards than Portuguese, and evidently were no strangers at the *posada*. They sat smoking and talking in an under-tone, and eyeing us from time to time with anything but friendly looks. Occasionally the tallest of the two said something in an apparently jeering tone of voice to the eldest daughter, Maria José, as her mother called her, the only reply to which that I could perceive was a sort of deprecating gesture of the hand from the damsel, as though she would have said, "Be quiet!"

Meantime at our table the mirth and hilarity had grown rather boisterous. Too much wine was drunk; and at last a youngster from the "Don Johan," who was greatly smitten by Maria José, insisted on kissing her. When the taller of the two muleteers saw this, he moved uneasily on the settle, put down his cigarette, and dropped his hand upon a great clasp-knife in his girdle.

I had disliked the look of these two

fellows from the time we came in, and had watched them narrowly.

"Leave the girl alone, Sayers," I said to the midshipman. "That tall fellow is her sweetheart, and there will be mischief if you don't keep your hands off her." But Sayers would not be advised; he tried to put his arms round the girl's waist, which she firmly resisted, though courteously enough, as with her long white hand she pushed Sayers away, saying deprecatingly, "Per Dios, dechar usted, senhor,"—"Pray be quiet, sir." I could see the girl was vexed, and her furtive glance at the tall muleteer convinced me that he was her lover. Again I said, "Be quiet, Sayers."

"All right, old boy; all right," persisted the youngster. "I don't care for that black sulky fellow. I'll kiss both the girls, by Jove!"

This resolution was loudly applauded by the majority of the company, who were, for the most part, the worse for wine.

"Bravo, Sayers! Quite right, old fellow!" shouted half-a-dozen at once.

"I'll back you to lick either of those fellows in twenty minutes," cried out a rollicking mate, "although you are but five foot nothing!"

This was scarcely an exaggeration; for Sayers was quite a youngster, not above sixteen, and short and slight of his age. He was a handsome, fair, delicate lad, but a remarkably plucky little fellow; full of vivacity and devilment. He had distinguished himself very much on the fifth of July, and was a general favourite both ashore and afloat.

He was allowed to play all sorts of pranks and practical jokes with impunity upon men who would have resented them from anybody else, the usual observation on such occasions being "It is only that imp Sayers." He was the only child of a widowed mother, who doated on him. Encouraged by his messmates, Sayers declared that he would kiss all the women in the house, mother and daughters, and that with their own consent; and, with the most laughter-provoking, mock-heroic man-

ner, he addressed a speech to the landlady. "Will you deny, fair hostess," he said, in capital Portuguese, "to a gallant knight, who has come from the foggy shores of the stormy West to the sunlit plains of Lusitania, to slay ogres and giants, to give liberty and happiness to Portugal—will you refuse to such a paladin as I am, who slays fourteen Miguelites every morning before breakfast, the honour of a chaste salute—all I ask, fair lady, as a guerdon for my services?"

Sayers had a talent for comic attitudes and as he stood with a bottle in one hand, and a glass in the other, addressing the landlady in a "Buckstone" tone of voice, and boasting with mock-bravado his puissant achievements, his appearance and manner were irresistibly ludicrous.

"I consider myself entitled to kiss any woman in Portugal," continued the little hero, "bar one—her most faithful Majesty, Donna Maria the Second, whose most faithful knight I am." (This was no exaggeration, as the little fellow had

gained the "Tower and Sword" for his gallantry.) "But, if I am not allowed to salute her Majesty, I can drink her health—as you all shall;" and, filling his glass brimful, he cried, "Viva Donna Maria Segunda!" "Viva!" shouted all the company, ladies and muleteers included. "Viva la Constitucion!" "Viva!" again from all hands. "Vivan la patrona nuestra, y las señoritas, Maria José y Juannita!" "Vivan!" roared the midshipmen, amid the clattering of glasses and jingling of bottles; and, amid shouts of laughter, the *patrona* cried out, "Viva los marineros Inglesos!" She lifted little Sayers on the table, put her jolly arms round his little neck, and kissed him rather more heartily than he liked. She then caught one of the daughters in each hand, and saying, in Portuguese, "Look at the great giant—the great hero! Kiss him, girls," she compelled both her daughters to allow Sayers to kiss them. This created a perfect tornado of cheers and vivas, clapping of hands and stamping of feet, amid the hubbub of which the girls

escaped, blushing, to the other end of the room; and when I looked round the two muleteers were gone.

Nobody heeded their departure, however. The score was paid twice over, cigars were lighted, handfuls of coppers thrown to the ragged boys who held the horses, and, amid the kissing of hands, laughter, and many a "Va ustedes con Dios. Adios, señores," we mounted and cantered away towards Almeida.

We had passed about half the way to that town, and were ascending a steep hill by a road between still steeper hills, which sloped sharply up on either hand, covered with cork-trees.

It was getting dusk. Over-excitement had produced its usual effect, a corresponding reaction, on most of the party, and as we urged the jaded screws up the steep hill there was little conversation.

Little Sayers seemed more depressed than the others. I was riding beside him, and endeavoured to rally him; but in vain. "I don't know," he said, "what

has come over me, as the old women say, but I feel as if something was about to happen to me." He had scarcely spoken, before I heard a sharp report—a whistling, rushing sound, and poor Sayers threw up his arms and cried out, "My God, I'm shot!" Before I could catch him by the arm, he fell to the ground.

All was confusion and consternation in an instant. Nobody thought of looking to where the shot came from. All was anxiety for the poor boy. Everybody dismounted, and crowded round our poor little comrade. I was the first to raise him up, and, supporting him on my shoulder as I knelt in the road, I saw at once that he was mortally wounded. The fast glazing eye, the blue lips, the death-sweat upon the clammy brow, were enough to tell that he was shot through the heart, without the ghastly evidence afforded by the purple gore that welled fast from a wound in his left breast, staining his garments with his life-blood.

I have the scene in imagination vividly

before me at this moment. The dying boy gasping out his last breath in my arms, his long fair ringlets falling in disorder about his pallid face, the look of dying agony, the blue lips, the clenched teeth, the blood trickling from the wound, and dyeing, with crimson stain, the handkerchief I held to it; the crowd of horror-stricken comrades around us, the glorious sunset, the dark and sombre cork forests; and high above on the crest of the hill, the murderer leaning on his long *escapeta*, with his sombrero thrown back, calmly contemplating the foul deed of blood with which, in his deadly *vendetta*, for a mere boyish frolic, this monster had desecrated the blessed Sabbath, and imbrued his hands in the innocent blood of a noble gallant boy, who might have lived to be an ornament to his country and his profession.

We pursued the murderer in vain; we aroused the authorities; we scoured the country; we offered large rewards for his apprehension—all to no purpose. He

escaped. Poor Sayers was buried in the English burial-ground at Buenos Ayres, near Lisbon. I believe almost every officer in the place, naval and military, followed him to the grave; and I saw many a tear glisten in the eyes of rough-hearted men when the poor boy was laid in his last resting-place.

Sayers's mother died, broken-hearted, within six months of his murder. The assassin escaped, but his *corteya* Maria Tosé was so horrified by the affair that she became insane, and when I left Lisbon was in the lunatic asylum there.

In England and among English people this tale will scarcely be credited. That for so trifling offence, if indeed it could be construed into an offence at all, a strong man should hurry to the wild hill-side, way-lay and shoot a mere boy for kissing a young girl, seems incredible. Nevertheless, this story is perfectly and literally true, as is well known to many men living at the present time. There is neither colouring nor exaggeration in it. It goes

to prove how extremely careful Englishmen should be to avoid meddling with the women of Southern or Eastern peoples, which, unluckily, too many are very prone to do. Englishmen who travel should remember the old saying:—"When you are at Rome, do as Rome does."

That which would have been rewarded with a box on the ears by a barmaid at Portsmouth was repaid with a bullet at Almeida.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Shortly after the arrival of the Queen in Lisbon, and her coronation, the Miguelites attacked our lines.

Early on the morning of the 10th of September, two strong columns, one coming from the direction of Loiros, and another from the road near the aqueduct, covered by a heavy fire of artillery, commenced the attack, which was resolutely pushed. The Miguelites were again and again repulsed, and on the following morning, on their renewing the attempt, were not only driven back but followed up and forced from their own works.

On this occasion a very dashing affair of cavalry occurred at Loiros, in which

General Bacon, Captain Skipworth, and several other officers very much distinguished themselves.

This action at Loiros was the first in which I was engaged as a dragoon.

The bearing of General Bacon in this charge I have never seen excelled. Perhaps no man ever had a finer seat, or more soldier-like appearance on horseback, than the general. His riding was that combination of firmness, with complete ease and freedom so rarely attained, and there was a grace and *à plomb* about the man which I have seldom seen equalled and never surpassed, while his daring, his confidence, and perfect mastery of his weapons stamped him the very *beau idéal* of a dashing light dragoon.

The enemy continued to retreat eastward, and after one or two smartish brushes finally took up a position at Elvas and Cartaxo.

Practically, however, the war was over. One after another the northern strongholds garrisoned by the Miguelites in the Minho

provinces and elsewhere, which had held out up to that time, were compelled to surrender, and finally Don Miguel himself, finding his cause hopeless, abdicated and betook himself to Rome.

The greater part of the English and foreign contingents were disbanded, and Lisbon became crowded with the officers of the disembodied corps. Cafés, hotels, and billiard-rooms were thronged with the warriors erst of the liberating army. Some of these gentlemen whiled away the time until the Portuguese authorities thought fit to pay them up, much after the fashion in which they began their service in the Western Islands; and, as it will not be very difficult to imagine, an extraordinary state of things existed in Lisbon.

There were a great many officers—English, French, Germans, Poles, and Italians—knocking about, to use their own expression, in the capital, waiting to be paid off. They had nothing to do; so, by way of recreation, some of them passed what time

was not occupied at the billiard-table, or places of worse resort, in getting up and fighting duels. The ingenuity they displayed in this hopeful pursuit would certainly have been amusing enough, had it not been for the tragic way in which many of these affairs terminated.

Duels were so frequent that it was a common occurrence for large boats, loaded with the lookers-on, principals, and seconds in the coming duel, to cross the Tagus at mid-day from the Quai de Soudrè to a place on the south side called the Red House Point, from a large wine-store painted red standing close to the water's edge there.

Wine was retailed at this place of such excellent quality that the bush over the door was needless; and I have known frequent instances of a large party of men going over the water to see a duel, which having terminated without bloodshed, all hands have gone to the Red House, got gloriously drunk, and "put up," as they called it, two or three more duels, which frequently

came off there and then, the combatants in many cases being unable to see a hole through a ladder.

One instance of this kind, though tragical enough, was so ridiculous that I cannot refrain from relating it.

Two youngsters had quarrelled over night at the Café Grecque on the Quai de Soudrè (which was the rendezvous of most of the foreigners in the Portuguese service), or, if they had not actually quarrelled, somebody had persuaded them in the morning that they had come to loggerheads, and that such language had passed that nothing but the smell of powder could do away with the bad odour of it. The poor lads, neither of them eighteen, were hopelessly drunk when the supposed dispúte took place, and had not the most distant idea of what had occurred. But they were informed by their seniors that it was a grave matter, and that their honour was seriously at stake. Alas! what a wayward jade is this honour of ours! I have heard one of the before-mentioned seniors

assure an unlucky tailor on his honour that he should be paid; and I am concerned to say the promise was never performed, but remained duly ticketed, no doubt, in the creditor's memory, an unredeemed pledge that would pay neither principal nor interest.

Honor is a pretty name, too. I once had a delicate, fair, blushing sweetheart named Honor, who looked so coy and modest that, foolish boy as I was, I was afraid to "give expression to my heart's deep-felt impression" for a long time. And when I had screwed my courage to the sticking-point, and resolved to pour forth my tale of love to Honor's too sensitive ear, I found she had run away with a pock-marked, broken-nosed fighting-man. I did not see her for ten years. Then she was behind the bar of a public-house near Piccadilly, of which her loving spouse was landlord. She looked as comely as ever, though a trifle buxom and matronly. Many diamond rings and jewels of price adorned her person; she was flauntily dressed, and

looked the flash landlady all over. She recognised me; and as she handed me a glass of cold without, said, *sotto voce*, with such a sweet smile, "You are not angry with me, are you?" "Not a bit," I said, after a deep draught at the inspiriting beverage. "Angry? Not a bit; I am too happy that Honor has fallen to the brave."

It was a fib: I was angry when I thought of the Brummagem face of her husband; and I have never heard tall-talk of honour and fighting since without thinking of my faithless sweetheart.

Honour was all, however, to my young friends. Of course they must fight; so, while one of the seniors went off in search of the "marking-irons," one of the juniors went home to his billet, and borrowed ten crucadas of his landlady, which, with tears in her eyes, she long afterwards assured me he never paid her; while his opponent, in order to make an appearance equal to the importance of the ordeal by battle for his honour, borrowed a pair o nether garments from a comrade; failing

to return which, he afterwards suffered death at the hand of the lender. No matter, his honour was at stake, and he required the breeches at the moment. I was in some sort compelled to be present at this affair—*i.e.*, between the borrower of the crucadas and him of the overalls. It terminated harmlessly after three shots, two of them at eight paces. As usual, the party, some five-and-twenty or thirty, adjourned to the Red House. Fabulous quantities of sparkling muscatel were imbibed by the thirsty warriors. There was tall-talk about duels in Tipperary and duels at Heidelberg; tall-talking led to straw-splitting, and the latter to quarrelling; until, at last, a fair-haired German subaltern, with a look of intense defiance, hissed out the words "Dummer jung!" to a youngster of the late Irish Brigade, and stuck his hands defiantly in his sides. Now the Irish hero, whose home was nigh to Connemara, and his blood rale Tipperary, knew not the German tongue; still less did he understand the true signification of the

insulting epithet just crowed out by his Teutonic adversary. But he understood the insulting manner; and forthwith he hurled a tumbler at his opponent's head; missing which, it broke the nose of an Irish doctor. Here was a grand quarrel —enough and to spare for two duels!

It was a moot-point about swords or pistols. The German had used the bitterest word of insult his language furnished him with, and the Irishman had resorted to personal violence. So the former had the choice of weapons; and, having had lots of practice at Heidelberg with the sabre, and being fully aware that his opponent knew next to nothing about it, with a due regard to his honour he elected to fight with swords.

"Hooray, then! Swoords for ever!" shouted the Irishmen. The swords were produced (there were always two or three pairs lying ready at the Red House); the combatants stripped; a German captain showed the Irish sub how to bind a silk handkerchief round the hilt of his weapon;

a large circle was formed by the spectators; and the combatants were brought to the scratch by their seconds. The German at once threw himself into a fine fencing position, showing the well-known "student's hanging-guard." The Irishman tried to imitate him. In doing so he stepped back a pace; he staggered; and his adversary, seeking to take advantage of his unsteady gait, endeavoured to follow him up. Alas! both were now in the open air. The potent muscatel had taken effect upon their weak heads, and in vain they essayed to get within measure, as with drunken gravity they staggered round each other, while the welkin rang with shouts of laughter from the bystanders. It was cruelly apparent that both were too drunk to use their swords; and the affair would probably have been put off to another day but for the young Irishman, who turned to his second, a great burly red-headed captain of the old Peninsular times, and said, "Maurice dear, sure if you'd jist steady me a trifle with my left arm,

I'd be able to hould a pistil anyway."

Now there was something so novel in the idea of a second holding up his principal to fight that the proposal was received by all present with cheers and shouts of encouragement. After all, there was nothing more absurd in it than the custom extant eighty years ago, of seconds, who had no quarrel with each other, fighting while their principals were engaged.

"Bedad, but that's a bright notion, too," said the second. "Sure, if Captain C——" (the German's friend), "has no objection, we'll just steady our men a bit, some gentleman will give the word, and we'll have this little piff-paff over in the twinkling of a bed-post."

What objection could Captain C—— have without impugning his own courage? He could have pleaded that such a course was irregular; but that would have availed him little. He would quickly have had some insulting observations levelled at his objections, and had to fight somebody him-

self; and the odds were certainly in his favour, with a man between him and the enemy's fire. Besides, whoever doubted the courage of the gallant C——? He consented in a moment, apparently as highly tickled with the novelty of the idea as were any of the bystanders. So, in high glee, and amid loud cries of "Steady, Phelim, your sowl!" "Hold up, Carl," the two seconds held up their men at twelve paces, ready for the affray. Both combatants were slight youths, both seconds tall burly men. The word was given: "Ready!" "Fire!" Both fired: all four fell: the two principals drunk, both seconds dead; the Irishman shot through the heart, and Captain C—— through the brain. Curiously enough, the bullet of the German had gone through the shirt-sleeve of his opponent, before entering the body of the luckless second. The fatal finale sobered everybody on the spot but the principals, who were past praying for, and could not be made to understand what had occurred.

The dead men laid in state at the Red House that day, and were buried with due solemnity the next on a report "died of cholera." The affair was talked of as the "double-barrelled duel." But I don't think it had any effect in checking the recurrence of such *rencontres*.

I beg to be understood, however, that the affairs above alluded to were confined, for the greater part, to a portion only of the officers who were in Lisbon at the time I write of, and that by far the smaller section of them. As in other places, so in Lisbon, at that time, there was no great difficulty either in avoiding the society of these pugnacious gentlemen, or, if compelled to come in contact with them, of so behaving oneself as to avoid the possibility of having a causeless quarrel fastened on one.

I was but a youngster at the time, but I found little difficulty in keeping out of quarrels so long as I avoided the cafés at late hours. When I neglected this whole-

some precaution I had to take my chance. On the whole, I was very fortunate.

I repeat, in a force so hastily put together, the presence of a number of such reckless dare-devils as I speak of was unavoidable. Beyond doubt these men did much towards the success of the constitutional cause. While the war lasted they were orderly enough; but, that ended, they lacked excitement, and fell foul of each other, while at the same time there was no legitimate control over them, except the law of the country they were in for the time being. As long, however, as they confined their quarrels to their own set, and did not interfere with the natives, the Portuguese Government took no heed of them. When they did so interfere, the case was altered.

Nobody, however, who was in Lisbon at that time will deny that the English officers of the Anglo-Portuguese force generally conducted themselves with the greatest decorum and propriety.

The corps I belonged to was not disbanded until some months after the rest of the English troops. There was, however, absolutely nothing but guard-mounting and some field-drill to attend to; so I passed the time pleasantly enough, seeing the lions of Lisbon, from the mosaics and relics of San Roque to the Prima Donna at San Carlos, and finally betook myself to Cintra.

Here an adventure occurred which redounded but little to my credit. That it did not plunge me into guilt and misery for the remainder of my days was in no way due to my own discretion; and now, in middle age, looking back at that time, I have reason to be very thankful that it terminated as it did, and that, while a severe blow was given to my youthful vanity and self-conceit, I was taught by the unpleasant and indeed somewhat humiliating consequences of this escapade to act less from impulse and more upon principle in after-life.

Shortly after the coronation of Queen

Donna Maria, a very smart schooner arrived in the Tagus, commanded by a man who was evidently no ordinary skipper.

The new-comer was a fine-looking fellow, with a handsome bronzed visage, great black whiskers, fine dark eyes, and splendid teeth. He wore a gold band on his cap, and yacht-buttons on his jacket. His manner was scarcely that of a gentleman; but there was nothing slangy or coarse about him.

Any way, he was capital company, sang a good song, played several musical instruments, spoke several different languages, and had all the ways of a man of the world, though he lacked the frank open manner of the genuine British sailor. He was a great card, however, in Lisbon, and, with great impartiality, made strong love to no end of English blondes and Portuguese brunettes.

Amongst his numerous accomplishments he played a first-rate game of billiards, was always ready for a game at pool, or to

fight any of the fire-eaters in Lisbon, of whom, however, there were not so many at that time. He was a remarkably good small-swordsman, which brought me in contact with him, as I was very fond of fencing. I learnt a great deal from him; and, as he was much in my quarters, we became rather intimate. Now, putting aside what he really could do (and his accomplishments were numerous), he was the most inveterate boaster I ever met—a veritable Jack Brag, especially as regarded women. But on all subjects he pitched the hatchet with terrible audacity. Self-glorification was his great failing. One had but to listen and assent, and he was won. I was a great listener; so we got on very well, and during his short stay in Lisbon he became very confidential. He told me one great reason of his going to sea was, that it afforded him a respite from the dead-set made at him by ladies when he was on shore. Poor fellow! he was, by his own account, sadly persecuted by the gentler sex. Young, middle-aged, and old,

all were intent upon getting him into their toils. So occasionally he went down to the sea in a ship, to escape from their persecution. Certainly there was one thing that told against his story, which was, that his flirtations in Lisbon seemed to me paradoxical to his profession of being weary of women; and, young as I was, I was not slow to perceive that, whether his love-making lacked the semblance even of sincerity, or for some reason I could not divine, he was singularly unfortunate in his *liaisons* in the Portuguese capital, where, truth to tell, the women were not troubled with over-coyness. However, he was a very jolly fellow; we were very good friends during his stay; and he sailed for St. Ubes, where he was to take in a cargo of salt for some place up the Mediterranean.

Some months afterwards I was staying at Costa's Hotel at Cintra, and having heard from the worthy host of the extreme beauty of the gardens of the Cork Convent, on the Pena Verde (Green Mountain), which is close in the neighbourhood of Cintra,

and the quaint singularity of the cork-lined convent itself, I took a walk up the hill and visited the place. I was very much gratified by all I saw there. That which interested me most, however, was a *rencontre* with a young English lady, who was walking in the convent gardens, evidently a visitor as I was. She was accompanied by an old monk, the gardener, as cicerone, but she did not seem to get on well with him, probably, as it struck me, because the lady did not understand the Portuguese language. So, with the modesty of a light dragoon, I volunteered to point out to her what was worth seeing in the place.

The fair lady accepted my offer with a very sweet smile; and we wandered about the place for quite a couple of hours. I am ashamed to confess I told her all sorts of outrageous stories about saints and miracles in connection with the place, which were pure invention. She appeared very much interested, however, by their recital.

She was stopping, she told me, at Victor's Hotel—the only hotel except Costa's in the place—and had arrived there from Lisbon the night before. She had come from England to join her husband, who was an officer in the Portuguese army, and on duty at Cartaxo. She had married him when he was a refugee in England, and domiciled with her family at Plymouth. Better times had arrived; her husband had become a colonel. He was a captain when he married her. His estates, which had been confiscated by the Miguelite Government, had been restored; and in a short time she expected to be again re-united, after a long separation, to her loving spouse. She expressed herself, to use her own expression, "ravis" with Portugal and the Portuguese people; talked in raptures of the gallantry of those who had fought for the constitutional cause—soldiers and sailors; and inquired particularly as to my own share in the doings of the war. Then she discoursed eloquently about flowers, of which there were some rare

specimens in the garden, about "Childe Harold" and Lord Byron; and when I told her that his eccentric lordship had written much in the very apartment I was occupying at Costa's, she declared it would be impossible for her to sleep until she had been in the room. So I proposed that we should return to Cintra at once; to which she assented; and we commenced the descent of the Pena Verde. It came on a drizzling rain. The sides of the hill are not so difficult as the Matterhorn, but the path is very slippery after the smallest amount of rain. So I was obliged to offer the lady the help of my arm; and a very pleasant journey we had, the pleasure not a little enhanced by numerous slips on the road, or the necessity which occurred now and again for quitting the beaten track, where it was very slippery, for the turf and heather on the hill-side, which compelled the lady to disengage her dress frequently from the prickly furze, and to display a foot and ankle of faultless symmetry. Arrived at Costa's, I called in the land-

lady, who was an Irishwoman, and one of the best and warmest-hearted creatures living, to show my fair visitor all the small lions of the hotel—the places where Byron had cut out his name on wainscot and table and diamonded it on the window. While the lady was expressing her extreme gratification, and examining these mementoes of the poet whose memory, she said, was loved by all the women worth loving in the world, it came on a heavy storm of rain and wind. Mrs. Costa—putting aside jealousy of the rival establishment (Victor's)—insisted that it was impossible for the lady to go to her hotel in such weather; ordered a fire to be lit; and, playing propriety at my request, was shortly at a table on which was placed a repast fit for a princess.

When the lady had returned to the room, after putting her hair straight, as Mrs. Costa called it, I had a good opportunity of seeing the full blaze of her beauty; and, good sooth, she was a wonderful piece of Nature's handiwork. Tall, fair, with

golden hair, gray-blue eyes, long silky black eye-lashes, Grecian style of head and features, a most exquisite mouth and pearly teeth, a smile that would melt not only the heart of the Grand Turk but of the Kislar Aga himself, a neck and bust of faultless symmetry, and a complexion of the most dazzling hue. She was, indeed, a most lovable-looking creature; and, being not quite eighteen, I fell there and then desperately in love with her, despite the heavy wedding-ring she wore. How could I help it when I saw the long white hand and taper fingers which displayed the badge-connubial? After all, her hand and arm were her greatest attraction. The sleeves worn in those days displayed a good deal of the arms; and, to my fancy, no sculptor had ever chiselled anything like their *contour* and roundness, or any marble excelled their hue and firmness.

I savagely wished the Portuguese nobleman her husband might get into some brawl at Cartaxo and be killed, that I might throw myself at her feet and offer

her—what?—myself and my sword, to carve a way to a throne for her. Recollect, I was not eighteen. I have long since learnt that this class of exotic beauty is not for soldiers of fortune, except under such rare exceptions as only prove the rule. Dinner over, to which the "faire ladye" did ample justice, she declared, as she was an old married woman, she should not leave me to pass my evening in solitude. Coffee was ordered. Mrs. Costa seated herself at one side of the fireplace, in which the pine-logs blazed and crackled pleasantly, while a bright ruddy flame lit up the red hangings and curtains of the room. The Countess Montecuculi (such, she informed us, was her name) seated herself at a grand piano in the room, which, to my surprise, was in good tune; and, after putting the instrument through a galloping field-day, she settled down in her paces and favoured us with several songs from Tommy Moore, which brought tears into the eyes of Mrs. Costa, our Irish hostess. Then she changed the order of running; and, thundering out

an overture, sang some exquisite songs from "L'Elisir d'Amore." Never before were landlady or green subaltern so enchanted. Mrs. Costa told me next day she was ready to eat her. As for me, I was ready (if she had not been a Countess Montecuculi) to kiss her at any moment, to fight all the world for her, and to lay my all at her feet—said total consisting at that time of my good-looking self, a very indifferent kit, two broken-winded horses, and my claims upon her most faithful Majesty.

So ravished, so madly in love was I, that when, on seeing her home in the bright moonlight which succeeded the storm, she extended her hand to me, and bade me good-night, I seized it with both my own, regardless of the wedding hoop and the Portuguese count, and smothered it in kisses.

She withdrew it rather sharply, gave me a box on the ear, the tingle of which told me there was something besides symmetry in her arm, and saying, "Go

home, you naughty boy! Good night," tripped into her hotel. What a night I passed to be sure—walking up and down the room, resolving to turn slave-dealer, or pirate, murder the Portuguese count, and carry away his lovely widow by force of arms! I fell into an uneasy dose about daylight, and dreamt I was fighting the count with small swords at the back of the Red House, and his "ladye" was at the window of the wine-shop, waving her handkerchief. I came down to breakfast pale and haggard, and was severely rallied by the hostess. I called at Victor's, nothing daunted by my rebuff of the previous night; I was fairly infatuated and determined to go all lengths. I was told that the countess was seriously indisposed, having that morning received a letter conveying the news of her husband's death. I affected to be greatly concerned at the sad tidings, walked down into a sequestered dell, threw my cap into the air, danced about like a lunatic, and only came to a sense of the folly I was committing when

I saw a grave-looking peasant of middle age, eyeing me with commiserating look from a hovel hard by.

I passed a restless day and night, and heard the following morning that the Countess Laura Montecuculi—so she was called—had started in a carriage at day-break, for Buenos Ayres, near Lisbon. I left Cintra, and was quickly on her track. I had been above a month in Lisbon, and had begun to cool down a little, when Bennis, the gay skipper of the "Ysabel," returned there. He had been dismasted in a blow somewhere to the southward, and narrowly escaped under jury-masts. I don't know how it came about, but I made a confidant of this man, who laughed at me, ridiculed the whole sex, advised me forthwith to fall in love with some girl in the *corps de ballet* at San Carlos, as a means of counter-irritation; and assured me I should be well (as he called it) of my love fit in a month.

I was very savage with Bennis, and half inclined to join the fire-eaters, and call him

out. But I went to San Carlos, nevertheless, although with no idea of falling in love.

There, to my utter amazement, I saw the Countess Laura in full evening costume, radiant with beauty and blazing with jewels. She was in a box near the stage, and by her side was a heavy-looking, tall Portuguese officer, in the uniform of a Cacadore regiment, with a decoration on his breast.

The pretended death of her husband, then, was all a *ruse* to get rid of me. I felt terribly chagrined. "Quite right, too," I reflected; "what business have I to fall in love with a married woman, and one in such a position. Fool! jackass! It serves me quite right. I went into the saloon and began to solace myself with Roman punch, fell in with a brother officer, who offered to take me to the wings of the theatre, and soon found myself among the *coryphées*. I got into conversation with a rather smart little girl of the ballet. From where we were standing I

commanded a full view of the box in which the countess was seated, and I asked my little friend if she knew her. She replied "Oh si, senhor. Aquella es la bella Ingleza, la Contessa de Montecuculi" ("Oh yes, sir. That is the beautiful Englishwoman, the Countess Montecuculi"). "And the gentleman?" "El marido" (her husband).

I considered the little *coryphée* very impertinent for presuming to know anything about it, and walked home, vainly endeavouring to fight the mad infatuation that possessed me. I was riding a horse next day in the barrack square; he was rather a self-willed, resolute brute, and I was just in the humour to ride him. We had a bit of a fight before I got him to my own level, and there were several officers opposite the colonel's quarters looking on. As I rode past to the stable the colonel called me, and asked me if I would ride a horse for a few days for the gentleman, a Portuguese officer, who was with him. The gentleman was the Count Monte-

cuculi, I saw at a glance, so I expressed the great pleasure I should have in riding a horse for any friend of the colonel's. The count was extremely civil, and asked me if I would accompany him home, when he would show me the horse. It was a predicament, but a light dragoon, without a difficulty, would be like a beauty without a lover. So home I went; was introduced in form to the Countess Laura, who greeted me with a sweet unconscious smile, as though she had never seen me before, and rattled away in rare style about horses, English riding *haut école*, breaking, music, and matrimony, Portuguese and English.

She had all the talk to herself, for her husband seemed to be supremely indifferent to her and her conversation, and I was too much disconcerted to maintain the dialogue.

After luncheon, I went to the stables with the count, and saw his horse, a great ungainly Andalusian barb, with a double mane, a tail down to the ground, ragged

hips, and a head like an ugly fiddle. I rode the brute, however, for a week, and got on capital terms with the count and with Laura, to whom I undertook to teach riding at her noble husband's request.

Now, of all ways of travelling straight into the good graces of a woman, commend me to the outside of a horse. A woman, let her rank be what it may, who is all confidence and self-possession in a drawing-room or an opera-box, and all grace and fascination, from the knowledge of her power and her charms, is just nowhere when first put on horseback. When she has acquired firmness of seat, ease, and finished *tournure* in her riding, with light and steady hands, she experiences a sensation altogether as novel as it is delightful, and is sure to be grateful to her instructor, be he old or young. If he is young and good-looking, so much the better for him; though I advise "the sorrowing mother of seven of them" never to trust any one of her daughters to a young, handsome master of female equi-

tation; if she does, it is odds but that before very many of his "lessons" have been given, there will be weeping and wailing in Belgravia.

Laura had a natural aptitude, as the professors call it, for riding. She was extremely lithe and supple, possessed of great nerve, and very ambitious to excel.

I had a third crutch put to her saddle, made her use a man's stirrup, taught her to ride her horse right into the bridle, and persuaded the count to buy an English horse, a fashionable thoroughbred, from one of our people, which mounted the beautiful Laura to perfection.

We took long rides in the Campo Grande, to Queluz, and even to Cintra, to the great edification and profit of Mrs. Costa. I was the happiest of riding-masters, and the countess the aptest pupil I ever had. Laura made me the confidant of her entire history, or rather of her own version of it. She was, she told me, the only daughter of a retired captain in the navy, who at one time possessed considerable property near

Ivybridge, where he resided; that her father, who doated on her, and had taken great pains to have her highly educated, became involved in some speculative business which turned out wrong, and his property, except his half-pay, was sacrificed; that he survived this blow but a short time, and her mother and herself were left to battle the world as best they could; that they removed to Plymouth, and supported themselves by the proceeds of Laura's earnings as a teacher of music, and her mother's in keeping a boarding-house; that she had once been on the point of marriage with a naval officer, who, however, behaved very ill to her; and that, her mother falling into ill-health, occasioned by grief for the loss of her father and their altered position, Laura herself accepted the offer of marriage of the Count Montecuculi, merely as a *pis-aller*, and that her mother should not want a home in her old age and bad health.

She confessed that she not only did not love the count, but absolutely loathed him, if

for no other reason than that he had treated her with the greatest indifference from within a month of their marriage, and because he supported two mistresses, ballet-women at San Carlos.

Thus emboldened, I made desperate love to Laura, heedless of consequences, and carried away by mad passion. I recked not, thought not of the future, in this world or the next. I was very young, and my school for the past two years had not been that of straitlaced morality. For such women as Laura, how many, sayeth Byron, "hath lost not earth alone but heaven!" and I was not only willing, but proud to sacrifice body and soul for this idol, my first love. Such infatuation is, unhappily, not rare even with older heads than mine.

Laura consented to elope with me. We agreed to make for the States of Southern America, where there was war at the time, but first to run for England, whence it would be more difficult to trace our route. Laura was for going at once: she had plenty of jewels. But I had strained my

conscience to its utmost point of tension, and I determined that robbing a man even of a wife he was indifferent to was bad enough, without allowing her to rob him of the jewels. We agreed therefore to defer the great *coup* until I was paid up, when I should have funds sufficient for my bad purpose.

So we rode together and made love, and were as happy as people ever are, I suppose, who are doing wrong. The count was wholly indifferent about the matter, and, in fact, very much obliged to me for taking Laura off his hands so many hours in the day, and declared she had never been so amiable to him as since I taught her to ride.

I believe that was true, as Laura, now she was living in a glass house, wisely forbore to throw stones at the crystal residence of her husband. I was paid up. How happy I felt that day, bad fellow that I was!

Then at the last moment I put Bennis into my runaway scheme. He said I was

a great fool, but as he loved mischief of any kind, he agreed to assist me.

"You'll never get her farther than London," he said, "if she is half as beautiful as you say she is, take my word for it. She will soon find a dragoon there with more money than you, my boy. But never mind; so much the better for you."

I was very wroth with Bennis. But, poor fellow! he could not know how dearly Laura loved me. We made capital arrangements. Nobody so good at running away as a married woman who means it.

Laura asked her husband's permission to go to Cintra for a month. He was too happy to be rid of her. I dined with the countess and her husband (alas! for the rights of hospitality); he was profuse in his professions of gratitude to me for my attention to his wife, and pressed a valuable ring on me, as a token of his esteem. I had a terrible pain in my conscience when he did this.

I bade them farewell; took a shore-boat

from the Quai de Soudrè; joined Bennis on board the "Ysabel," which had shifted her salt into another craft of the same owners, and taken in a cargo of fruit for London and some goods for Plymouth. We dropped down to Paco D'Arcos, and next evening Laura and her maid were safe on board the "Ysabel." We had been hove short, and were under way in no time. Bennis gave up the cabin to the countess and her maid; for which, and assisting me in my escapade, I gave him fifty pounds. He and I occupied the round-house on deck; and we were all as jolly as sand-boys, bar that I was in a frightful state of anxiety when I found the "Ysabel" was in bad trim, and sailed badly, as I was in mortal dread of being pursued by a Portuguese frigate at least. My fears were groundless; no pursuing craft was visible all the way up the coast to Cape Finisterre. The weather was fine; Laura sat on the hencoop in the bright moonlight, and sang us touching songs from "Giulietta et Romeo" and the "Sonnambula." In the day-time she

amused herself by trying to teach me German, while Bennis played the German flute.

The evening we entered the Bay I got further into the confidence of the lovely Laura than I ever had been before; for she told me, weeping, after the most poetic professions of devoted attachment, that she had deceived me on one point: she was not married to Montecuculi at all (this accounted for no frigate coming after us), but that she had been married to the naval officer she had before mentioned (naval officer in this case, however, meant captain of a China tea-waggon; but she was not supposed to know the difference); she knew I should hate her for deceiving me. Much she knew about it! I should have "loved her still the same" if she had told me she had been married to the Bey of Tunis or the Pope of Rome. I threatened to jump over-board if she ever mentioned the word *hate* again as possible to me, who loved her better than man ever loved woman before; and, as the "Ysabel" was

then going seven or eight knots through the water, she threw her lovely arms round me, and implored me not to think of anything half so shocking.

We arrived at Plymouth, and brought up just abreast of Mount Edgecombe. It was raining heavily, and blowing; but we got into Bennis's boat; I wrapped the lovely Laura up in ever so many cloaks—she quite enjoyed the fun—and we landed at Mutton Cove, got into a fly, and were driven to the Clarence Hotel. What a happy evening we passed, to be sure!

In the morning I went out, hired a post-chaise and four (nothing less) for our journey to London, bought a beautiful cloak for Laura, who had a dozen or more of her own, and returned to the hotel.

Our room was on the first floor. The door stood ajar—I heard a woman sobbing. What could it mean? Something I could not define induced me to pause. The sobbing ceased. Then how shall I describe the terrible effect upon my nerves when I heard the voice of my idol exclaim, "Dear,

dear Freddy! Do you really forgive me?" and a manly voice answer, "Dearest Laura, it was all my own fault for leaving you unprotected!"

I could hear no more. I sprang into the room; and there, "Oh, sight of woe!" was the beauteous Laura leaning on the breast of a great, fine, noble-looking sailor, above six feet three, with a splendid head, a mass of dark curling ringlets, and a great bushy beard. So absorbed were they in each other's feelings and their own that they did not notice me. I was speechless.

> "I was astonished,
> And my hair stood on end,
> And my voice clave to my jaws."

Again Laura spoke—"My dearest husband!"

My agony found vent.

"What!" I exclaimed.

The gigantic captain (for such he was) turned round.

"Who the devil are you, sir?" he said.

I was again mute.

"Oh, don't be angry with him, Freddy!"

said Laura. "It" (It—that was cruel indeed) "is only a youngster who came home in the same ship with me, when I made up my mind to run away from that horrid fellow and seek you over the *wide, wide* world;" and again she threw herself sobbing on the breast of the gallant tar.

"Perhaps you had better retire, sir!" he said, authoritatively.

I did so mechanically, went into another room, and pulled the bell till the rope broke. A waiter rushed in.

"Brandy! brandy!"

"Cold or warm, sir?"

"No matter! Brandy! brandy!—Tell Captain Bennis I want him instantly!"

I drank deeply. I was soon joined by Bennis, who had sense enough not to laugh. I should surely have brained him with the poker.

"Never mind, old boy," he said. "It's no use making a row with this fellow. No doubt she *is* his wife. Thank God she is not yours! I know the man now. He

is captain of the 'Belgaum,' one of the company's China ships. He has lots of money, and no doubt is awfully spooney upon Laura. He won't believe a word either you or I say; and saying is no use now. Besides, the maid will swear to anything; and, in any case, you know the whole affair is a *contretemps*. He left her unprotected here in Plymouth. She bolted with Montecuculi; and I should not be surprised if she really did marry him, as it was well known here he was a man of high rank in his own country. She would have stuck to him, I dare say, if he had not neglected her. As he did, she bolted with you. What can you say? You can't get her back. Although her meeting her husband here was an accident, for you it's like an accident that makes a ship 'turn turtle.' You are 'keel upwards,' and you must admit it."

"Keel upwards, indeed!" I groaned. "Who would have thought such an angel——"

Just then we heard the rattle of wheels.

The waiter came in, and said, grinning, "Beg pardon, sir, but Captain Burster desired me to give his compliments and say as he was much obliged to you for bringing the chaise, and how he's settled with the man as brought it."

"Who is Captain Burster?"

"Gentleman in No. 4, sir; ship 'Belgaum,' East Indiaman; bound up Channel to London from China, sir; captain's left the ship in charge of the pilot and mate, sir; came ashore to meet his lady as come from Lisbon with you and this gentleman; both gone in the chaise, sir. Any orders, sir?" and the rascal grinned again.

"Is the maid gone too?"

"All gone, sir."

"Keel upwards, indeed," I groaned.

It was too much for Bennis; he burst out into a roar of laughter, in which I joined with a kind of insane merriment. "Keel upwards!" "Keel upwards, indeed!" I kept on repeating, swallowing half-tumblers-full of brandy at intervals.

Bennis managed to cool me down, but I think the sense of my ridiculous position had more effect than his soothing words.

I recovered my self-possession, dined, and went to the Theatre Royal, passing a night of strong excitement afterwards, amid mad orgies of wine and rollicking midshipmen. Next morning the waiter brought me a very small brown-paper parcel, which came by the down-mail from Honiton, on the Exeter road.

I opened it, and found a ring, and a note from Laura's husband as follows:—

"Captain Burster presents his compliments to Mr. ——, and begs to tender him his best thanks for the attention shown by him to Mrs. Burster" (MRS. BURSTER!!!) "on the passage from Lisbon.

"Captain Burster trusts Mr. —— will pardon his not expressing his thanks to him personally yesterday, Mrs. Burster's feelings, after a long separation from Captain B., being too acute at the moment to permit of his waiting to do so.

"Captain and Mrs. Burster beg Mr.

——'s acceptance of the enclosed ring, as a small token of their esteem."

What! another ring! One for running away with dear Laura (expensive Laura!), and another for running her right into the arms of her liege lord!

"I'll throw them both over the pier into the sea," I said, in terrible wrath.

"Don't do anything of the kind," said Bennis. "One is a valuable diamond, and the other is a capital ruby. I'll give you fifty pounds for the two; that's just what it cost you for her passage."

I am ashamed to say I kept the rings for years, until they passed into the keeping of a relation of my mother's, who never returned them.

I saw Laura years afterwards in Paris, in the same box at the Gymnase with the veritable "Dame aux Camellias," the heroine of the "Traviata." Captain Burster was not with her.

I embarked two days afterwards with Bennis—a sadder and, I hope, a wiser man.

I spent the intermediate time—between the departure of the fickle Laura and my embarkation—in solitary walks in the country, in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, in which I took myself severely to task. That unerring Mentor—Conscience—which never fails when fairly appealed to, told me how justly I was punished for my vanity, my selfishness, and my disregard of the most holy obligations. I resolved—and I have kept my resolution—"not to do so any more;" but I never think of the affair now without feeling humbled by the recollection.

We had a capital run up Channel. We brought up at Gravesend, where, to my great joy, we found the "Zephyr," and her jolly skipper Jenkins. Bennis, Jenkins, and I dined together at the old Pier Hotel. Bennis was discreet, and said nothing of our lady-passenger. We fought the 5th of July over again; discussed the principal features of the war; sung jovial songs; and imbibed so much champagne and "blazes" punch—in libations to each other's future prosperity—that when it was time for

Jenkins to embark (he was obliged to get under way in the morning), he twisted up a twenty-pound note I had just paid him, to light his pipe with, and, when deterred from indulging in this extravagant luxury, gravely proceeded to the pump, at the bottom of High Street, to ignite his "baccy;" failing in doing which, after many hearty leave-takings and shakings of hands, and assurances that he was "all right, and as sober as a judge," Jenkins walked quietly over the pier-head into the water, from which he was rescued by one of his boat's crew, without further injury than a ducking.

I have never seen him since, but I know he is to the fore—a happy and a prosperous man, as he deserves to be.

The following morning found me at Saint Katherine's, in better case considerably than when I was last there. I lost no time in turning my Portuguese paper into English money; and, having little liking for London, I jumped into the mail-train the same night and journeyed down to Leicestershire—where, in a pleasant village not a

hundred miles from Melton Mowbray, dwelt an old friend and hunting chum of my late father's, a Mr. O'Brallaghan.

It was a dark, rather dismal November afternoon when I arrived at Quain Place, or, as the people in the neighbourhood called it, from the peculiarities of its construction and the fact of the owner being an Irishman, "Quare Place."

Quain Place had been a small farmhouse with but moderate accommodation when Mr. O'Brallaghan first commenced his occupancy of it. Its present owner had enlarged the place without much regard to architectural effect or order. Taking the original building as a centre, he had added what he called two wings to it; but which, from their formation and dissimilarity, the neighbours were malicious enough to call a leg and a wing.

Altogether it was as curious a house and as singularly furnished as probably any in the United Kingdom. The circular dining-room, into which the servant ushered me, may serve as a sample of the rest of the

establishment. It was unlike any place I have seen before or since, except indeed that it bore a slight resemblance to one of the small rooms of the Brighton Pavilion. It was not papered or painted, but lined throughout with red and white striped calico. This hanging was gathered together in folds at the top of the conical roof of the room, and secured by a great gilt circular piece of wood from a hook, in the centre of which depended a cut-glass chandelier. There were guns (fowling-pieces), ay, and old Irish muskets, and pikes stuck about the walls or placed on brackets. There was a cuirass hung up with a helmet over it, both of the days when men fought hand to hand, and long Enfields were not. There was a double bridle hung on the same peg which supported the armour, and a black velvet hunting-cap on the top of the helmet, while, thrown carelessly over the shoulder of the cuirass was a cherry-coloured silk jacket, which, from the mud-stains on it, had evidently seen recent service in the field.

There were two game fowls at roost on a harp. There was a grand piano, on which lay an assortment of things too numerous to mention, but prominent among which were flannel bandages, swabs, and leather horse-boots of various constructions, together with new sponges and stable utensils. Over a black marble mantelpiece was a huge looking-glass, the frame of which was stuck round with fox-brushes; a stuffed pole-cat grinned on the mantelpiece. The floor was covered, one half with a Turkey carpet, and the other with Yorkshire rugs, while on a great tiger-skin before the fire reclined a huge stag-hound. In this curious but most hospitable *ménage* I passed many a pleasant week, and here I was still lingering, when one morning appeared the proclamation suspending the Foreign Enlistment Act in favour of her most catholic Majesty Ysabel Segunda; and I at once started off for London.

## CHAPTER IX.

About two months before I left Lisbon the Infante Don Carlos of Spain and his family arrived in the Portuguese capital. Shortly before this, King Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain had died.

There had been, from time almost immemorial in Spain, a rigid adherence to the Salic law, which forbids the succession of females to a throne. But, shortly before his death, King Ferdinand repealed this law, with the full consent of the Cortes, and with no particular exhibition of dissent on the part of the Spaniards generally. I believe they were wholly indifferent, as a rule, about the matter. There was, however, an exception to this rule on the part of the adherents

of Don Carlos, who maintained that King Ferdinand had no legal power to abrogate the law of succession for the special benefit of his own daughter. Many even went so far as to say that at the time the Salic law was repealed the king was imbecile, and that to the influence of Queen Maria Christina, her beauty and her extraordinary power of fascinating all who came in contact with her, was due the cancelling of a law so important as that which confined the succession to the throne to the issue male.

Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that as one parliament and one king had power to make the Salic law, it must be conceded, as a logical sequence, that another parliament and another king had power to unmake it; and, being unmade and done away with, the succession of females was established by law, and Queen "Ysabel" the Second was rightful sovereign of Spain.

Thus, however, did not the followers of Don Carlos argue, though how they could have deluded themselves into any other

conclusion it is difficult to imagine. The practical result, however, of the matter was, that they defied the authority of their lawful sovereign, and took arms in favour of Don Carlos.

Short-lived were even the pretensions of this prince at that time.

After much gasconade by revolutionary juntas, and much marching and countermarching about the country at the head of a very ragged army, Don Carlos found the avenger on his track, in the person of General Rodil, who, with an army of sixty thousand disciplined troops, fell upon the ragged and, it must be admitted, rather lukewarm followers of Don Carlos, and forthwith made a terrible example of them, annihilating those who had courage to fight, and hanging every fugitive he laid his hands on. The Pretender himself had a narrow escape of falling into his enemy's hands. He succeeded at last in making good his escape to Lisbon, where, however, his cause and he were so unpopular that there was serious debate as to the policy of giving him up to the Madrid

Government. I believe it was mainly owing to the exertions of Lord Howard de Walden, then British minister at Lisbon, that this was not done. Don Carlos was permitted to embark for England on his parole that he would abstain for the future from any interference with the succession to the Spanish throne. How he kept his pledged word of honour is well known.

I had been some time in Leicestershire on a visit to an old friend of my father's, when I heard of the second outbreak of the Spanish insurrection, the arrival of Don Carlos in the Basque provinces, and the successes of the great Basque leader Zumalacarragui; and my hopes of seeing more foreign service revived. That which helped Don Carlos as much as anything at that time was the blundering of the Madrid Government.

The Basque provinces—viz., Navarre, Guipuscoa, Alava, and Biscay—are inhabited by a people who differ as widely from the Castilian, the Andalusian, or the people of any other part of Spain as the

Scotch Highlanders of the time of Prince Charles Edward did from the Sussex farmer of the same day. A hardy and almost gigantic race, they are at once the most industrious, the best behaved, and the most energetic people in Spain in times of peace.

In war they are, perhaps, without exception the fiercest and most indomitable. It is a fact that in no war in which they have been engaged have they ever been overcome by force of arms. They possess a different social organization to this day to the people of the rest of Spain, retaining almost intact the old feudal system, as regards the unbounded influence possessed by the chiefs over their followers.

From time immemorial they have enjoyed certain immunities and privileges not accorded to other Spaniards. These rights or *fueros*, as they are called, consist in total immunity from taxation, except such as is local, the right to choose their own magistrates, exemption from military service, and several other minor privileges,

all valuable in themselves, and highly appreciated by the Basque people, who even in their dress take a pride in being different from other Spaniards.

They speak a language supposed to be Celtic, but as different from the Castilian tongue as Welsh is from English. Their mountainous country, in itself less fertile than the teeming soils of Castile or Andalusia, is yet more productive—a proof of the energy and industry of the people.

The mistake I allude to with regard to this peculiar people was, that the Madrid Government, after the expulsion of the Pretender Don Carlos, passed an Act by which all Spain was put upon the same footing, and the Basque *fueros* done away with.

It is said that the Basque chiefs had regarded the repeal of the Salic law with no particular favour, these gentlemen being what was once known in this country as Tory in their proclivities, and disliking innovation of any sort. They were, however, much given to mind-

ing their own business; and, as the repeal of the Salic law did not appear to affect their own political position, they heeded it not.

No sooner, however, had the Cortes committed the mistake of abrogating the Basque *fueros*, than the whole four provinces were in a furor of excitement; and Zumalacarragui, himself a Basque chief of great influence, dexterously seizing the opportunity, called a meeting of the chiefs at Elisando, when it was unanimously decided to repudiate the authority of Queen Ysabel, Maria Christina, the Queen-mother Regent, and to declare the Act of the Cortes which did away with the Basque *fueros* null and void. Finally, and most important, they proclaimed Don Carlos king of Spain and the Asturias, and invited him to come among them, which, *malgré* his parole, he did, travelling in disguise through France from England, and passing the frontier by the Pyrenees without difficulty. He had forfeited for ever his title to be considered a

man of honour, but he was received by the Basques with enthusiasm.

It was for their *fueros*, however, the Basques were in reality fighting, and not for Don Carlos, as the sequel proved.

The arrival of Don Carlos in Spain was followed by a rapid succession of the most signal victories to his troops over the Christinos.

In Zumalacarragui the Pretender possessed a leader of singular talent, daring, and originality as a tactician; and he had a soldiery than whom there is none better in the world, in their mountain fastnesses particularly. These soldiers were blindly devoted to their chiefs; and the latter, considering their interests identical with those of Don Carlos, were thoroughly earnest in his cause.

Victory after victory followed in such rapid succession to the Carlists, that the Madrid Government in alarm at length appealed to their neighbours for aid, and the result was the conclusion of the Quadruple Alliance, by which England,

France, and Portugal pledged themselves to assist Spain in expelling Don Carlos.

It was a left-handed assistance that was afforded after all; each government—viz., England, France, and Portugal—permitting its subjects to enter the service of Queen Ysabella as mercenary soldiers, or sailors affording naval co-operation on the coast, and the French Government undertaking to watch the passes of the Pyrenees, to prevent the importation into the Basque provinces of stores, supplies, and munitions of war.

Finally, the British Government of the day suspended the Foreign Enlistment Act for two years, specially to permit British subjects to enter the Spanish Christino service. As a matter of international justice, to say nothing of law, the policy of this measure must at this day appear very questionable.

We can all imagine the sensation that would be now created in Europe if the United States Government were to pass an Act of Congress sanctioning the enlistment

of its disbanded troops, or its citizens generally, in the army of Juarez, and were afterwards to supply the troops so enlisting with arms and munitions of war. Yet it is difficult to see what moral or legal right we had to suspend an existing law of the land, as we did in 1835, any more than the American Government have at the present time.

It is not my intention to discuss the policy of the suspension of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The Order in Council, however, by which it was suspended, caused the formation of the "British Auxiliary Legion of Spain."

## CHAPTER X.

On the 10th of June, 1835, appeared the proclamation alluded to in the last chapter; and forthwith it became known that Colonel De Lacy Evans, then one of the members for the city of Westminster, had received an appointment as Lieutenant-General in the Spanish service, and an authority from that Government to raise a force of ten thousand men — artillery, cavalry, and infantry—to be called the "British Auxiliary Legion of Spain." Offices for the despatch of business were opened at Charing Cross and elsewhere, and speedily they were crowded with applicants for employment. From these the General made such selections as seemed most fitting; and in

due course full general, medical, and commissariat staffs were formed, and the quota of officers generally completed.

Recruiting was vigorously and openly carried on, not only in London, but in Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and, in fact, in every place likely to produce recruits; and in less than two months the greater part of the several corps of the Legion were numerically completed.

The force consisted of a corps of artillery, two of cavalry (lancers), and eleven of infantry, including a regiment of rifles. Every commanding officer of a corps was either from the British service or that of the then existing East India Company; as were also, in most cases, most of the field-officers and working staff of corps, and, I believe, with few exceptions, nearly every man holding the rank of captain, had been in the British service or the Company's as a subaltern; the rule appearing to be that all officers receiving appointments also received a step of promotion above their rank in their own service.

The few exceptions were those of officers who had served with distinction in Portugal. The subaltern officers were appointed as it pleased the General; I am not aware that there was any competitive examination as to qualification or capacity.

At first my own application for employment was unsuccessful. But at length, chancing to meet with General Bacon, I obtained a recommendation to Colonel Considine, the military secretary of the Legion, who, finding I had served in Portugal both ashore and afloat, gave me a note to Colonel Kinlock, who was then forming a regiment of cavalry — the "Reynha Ysabel Lancers."

All the commissions in this corps, however, had been filled up; and so great was the desire of young men even of family and fortune to see active service, that many were willing to mount and equip themselves as volunteers, doing the duty of private soldiers until vacancies should occur for promotion in their own or other corps.

The success attending the Portuguese

Pedroite service had created quite a *furore* on the part of the adventurous youth of England to see service in the Peninsula; and it was supposed that the service of the Queen of Spain, being openly sanctioned by the British Government, must be a more desirable one than that of the Portuguese Queen, inasmuch as the latter was at first nothing more or less than a filibustering or, as it was called in those days, a buccaneering expedition. It turned out, however, that this calculation was erroneous.

The Legion, although openly sanctioned by our Government, once landed in Spain, became dependent on Spanish authorities and Spanish good faith; and the countenance given to the raising of the force by Lord Palmerston and his colleagues, while it raised up hopes that the British rulers would never allow their countrymen to be compromised, and had the effect of causing many promising young men to join, was altogether ineffective in producing anything like fair play on the part of the Spanish Government

towards the Englishmen who adventured their fortunes in its cause.

Politically, the causes that created the Legion were essentially different to those which drew Englishmen into the Portuguese service. In the former case, the Basque people were fighting more for their ancient privileges than for Don Carlos, and were practically resisting an act of oppression on the part of Queen Ysabel's Government.

The object for which the Legion was raised was to suppress the Basque rebellion; but, whereas this so-called rebellion was nothing but the very resistance against an illegal act of the Government of Spain which we should see in this country if our rulers attempted despotically to infringe our liberties, in Portugal Englishmen went to fight for, and not against, an oppressed people, and consequently had the sympathy of the majority with them. In Spain the Basque regarded the Legion with the bitterest and most deadly animosity; and nothing, perhaps, at that time rendered

Don Carlos more popular among his adherents than the issuing of the celebrated Durango decree, by which all foreigners were warned that, if taken in arms fighting in the cause of Queen Ysabel, no quarter would be shown them. The decree also fulminated the same penalty against all Spaniards not in the regular army, members of free corps, and *pesteros*. The exception of the decree was in favour of the regular British or other troops, who were supposed to have no will of their own in the matter; but to all who volunteered it was war to the knife.

This decree did not brighten our prospects; and, to sum up the matter, financially, the agreement made by General Evans with the Spanish Government was by no means so good as that which the Portuguese Government accorded to the Englishmen who fought for Donna Maria. In the Portuguese service, in addition to the regular pay, which was in all respects on the same scale as in the British service, all officers received an allowance called mess-money,

and a gratuity of two years' pay at the end of the war.

In the British Legion there was no mess-money, and the gratuity was settled at an amount equal to half the net pay each officer would become entitled to. These considerations had little weight with those seeking appointments; and so great was the anxiety to obtain commissions that there were many hundreds of applicants who went away disappointed.

For my own part, I was overjoyed at receiving my appointment, which was, after all, only a permission to join the Reynha Ysabel Lancers as a gentleman cadet, finding my own horses and appointments. This I at once did, and proceeded to the head-quarters of the regiment at Kingston-on-Thames, where I found ten other cadets in like case to my own.

We were all hopeful and lighthearted, however, and not a bit discouraged because there were more cadets than probable vacancies. As nearly all the officers of the Reynha Ysabel Lancers were at Kingston

during our brief sojourn there, I had a good opportunity of judging of the style and class of men with whom I was about to serve; and, without flattery or exaggeration, I must say that, whether from chance or the judicious selection of the colonel (I believe, the latter), it has never been my good-fortune to meet such a set of men before or since.

Not only were these gentlemen full of zeal and ardour for the service they had embarked in, but they were all men to whom the word "thoroughbred" might most aptly be applied.

Their whole style and *tournure* bespoke them the right men in the right places—all good horsemen; the field-officers all of noble and distinguished families; the captains officers from the Royal or Company's service—and what was rather extraordinary, without any exception, they were, as a body, the best and smartest looking lot of young men I ever saw in one corps. There is no flattery in this; my opportunities of judging since that time

have been great, as I have seen every regiment of cavalry in the British service since then, either in the field or in quarters; and, strange as it may appear, I have never either seen any individual officer who could outvie some particular man I could have pointed out in the old corps, or any regiment that, taking the officers collectively, could approach them in appearance.

One reason for this was that they were all men in the very hey-day of manhood; whereas, in an old regiment, there must necessarily be a proportion of the officers who are getting into the "scar and yellow." So much for their appearance. As regards other matters, they were all gentlemen, properly so called; therefore I need say nothing as to manner or demeanour. With regard to military qualifications, the field officers, staff, and captains were all thoroughly up to their work. The subalterns, excepting the riding-master (who was one not only of the smartest officers, but the most accomplished gentleman I ever met), and the

adjutant, knew nothing of their craft, but were anxious and willing to learn it. The whole pulled well together, and were as happy as a well-regulated family.

With regard to the rank and file, we were again fortunate. A number of men from Light Dragoon regiments, who had been discharged at their own request at fifteen years' service, joined us. By the Order in Council also permission was granted to commanding officers of regiments in the British Legion to purchase out such non-commissioned officers and privates from British line-regiments as thought proper to volunteer. This permission was freely acted on by our colonel and field-officers, who were all wealthy men; so that, to start with, we had an able and efficient body of non-commissioned officers, and a sufficient number of old soldiers, to render the breaking-in of our raw material a comparatively easy task —the more so as we had a very smart adjutant; and the riding-master was an officer perhaps without an equal in the

British service as to knowledge of how to pull a regiment together.

A great number of Poles and Germans also joined us—capital ready-made soldiers; so that, beyond doubt, we had a better start than any other corps in the Legion.

After shipping our first batch of men on board the "Lord Lyndoch" transport, at Deptford, under the command of Captain Wakefield, those remaining we berthed on board an old revenue-cutter, temporarily at Gravesend, and subsequently sent round to Portsmouth, which became henceforth our head-quarters, up to the time of embarking for Spain. There the men and officers, except such as had leave to live on shore, were comfortably berthed in an old two-decker, the "Swiftsure," lying abreast "Commonhard." The men were well looked after as regarded their clothing and comfort; recruits came in rapidly; there was little or nothing for the officers to do; and, except the captain of the day and orderly-officer, the rest enjoyed themselves as they pleased.

We made hay while the sun shone. It

was well we did; for, good-sooth, it was a long time after we left Portsmouth before any of us saw any more sunshine.

In the meantime the mounting of the regiment went on rapidly, under the superintendence of the colonel and the riding-master. As the horses arrived, from time to time, in batches from London, they were accommodated with stabling in the Dockyard until vessels arrived in which to embark them.

In those days we possessed a breed of horses now extinct. I mean the class of animal bred for drawing our fast coaches. The demand for this sort of horse was then so great that special care was taken by the breeders to select sires of proven bottom and staying qualities. About three parts bred, these horses were remarkably neat and shapely, and, without possessing the so-called grand action of the harness horses of the present, were quick, active, wearing nags. They were admirably adapted for light-cavalry troopers, and could be purchased sound or soundish, for from

eighteen to twenty pounds, and a margin. The London dealers were all on the *qui vive* for contracts, and the selections made by the colonel and Mr. Hely showed the consummate judgment and good taste of the purchasers.

The officers were all remarkably well mounted, all the field-officers having large studs of really magnificent horses.

The great bulk of the regiment embarked on board the "London Merchant" steamer early in September 1835, with some infantry officers and men—the whole under the command of Colonel Churchill, of the 3rd Westminster Grenadiers (*lucus a non lucendo*). They were the smallest men in the Legion, but, as they afterwards proved, with very big hearts.

Our people were under the command of Major Rait, formerly a captain in the 15th Hussars, and Major Greville, a captain formerly of the 17th Lancers. Nearly all the officers, and about three hundred men of our corps, sailed with them.

The colonel, adjutant, and riding-master

remained in England, to complete the embarkation of the horses. I was also of this party. But, as the "London Merchant" bore to Spain the main strength of our regiment, both in officers and men, and did not arrive at her destination without adventure, I will follow her fortunes.

The "London Merchant" steamed out of Portsmouth on a lovely autumn day, the men cheering loudly and in high spirits. She made a good run down Channel, and across the Bay of Biscay. The destination of the troops embarked was Santander. The captain made the land at daylight, on the morning of the third day after his departure from the Start Point: the land was very indistinct. It was blowing hard from the westward and raining. The day before it had been blowing strong, with rain, from the north-westward, but not a gale. As the day advanced the weather became more squally from the west-north-west, with deluging showers of rain. Early in the forenoon, the captain, fancying he had kept the ship too much to the west-

ward, altered his course, which brought the ship nearly before the wind, and running along the land with the wind a little on the starboard quarter. Still she did not seem to close with the land very fast. Major Greville's attention was attracted to a headland of remarkable form, with an equally remarkable building, painted of a yellow colour, on the summit. Major Greville had long been a leading member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was as good a sailor as he was a smart dragoon officer. Being at home on board ship, he was free from sea-sickness, and, anxiously on the look-out, soon perceived that the captain was getting drunk, to help himself out of his perplexity; for he was sorely at a loss to know where he was.

The whole northern coast of Spain is bold, rocky, and iron-bound, and the ports are not discernible until you are close in with the land.

The poor skipper, after in vain consulting the chart and the chief mate, could make nothing of it. The weather was too

thick to take an observation; so the captain gave it up, got dead drunk and turned into his berth. The wind shifted a point or two to the northward, and, blowing with great violence, the ship rushed away like a racehorse towards the rocky headland. Destruction to ship and crew seemed inevitable, when Major Greville, with praiseworthy promptitude, took command of the vessel. The captain had supposed the headland to be close to the entrance to Santander, whereas it was Cape Machichaco; and in attempting to go deep into the Bay near Portugallette, the position of which he did not know, he would inevitably have run the ship ashore. Major Greville at once bore up for the harbour of San Sebastian, and succeeded in carrying the ship safe in before dark. There can be no doubt that to Major Greville's promptitude and great nautical skill it was owing that the "London Merchant" and all hands in her were not lost.

After remaining a few days at San Sebastian, the "London Merchant" (the

weather having moderated) proceeded, in charge of a pilot, to Santander, where she arrived safely and landed the troops; and our regiment commenced its service in Spain.

It is a curious coincidence that this narrow escape should have occurred to our second draft, inasmuch as the first draft, under Captain Wakefield and the Baron Stutherheim, in the "Lord Lynedoch," were very near perishing on the rocks at Cape Ushant, the ship having drifted, in a dead calm and dark night, on to the land, fortunately at a point where she could be easily extricated from her perilous position.

In the meantime the full quota of horses was completed and shipped off to Santander. The colonel, riding-master, adjutant, and myself embarked, and reached Santander without accident, and began our career in the new service.

The proportion of old soldiers in our regiment was increased at Santander by a large number of dragoons who had enlisted for general service. These were sent round

from Bilbao and exchanged for an equal number of our recruits.

Drill, mounted and dismounted, was actively carried on; and with such a will did everybody work that in three weeks after we landed we furnished an escort for General Alava, composed of old soldiers, whose appearance and turn-out, man and horse, would have done credit to any cavalry corps in the British army.

There was a capital mess for the officers; the men were well housed and looked to, as were the horses. The inhabitants (not being Basques) were exceedingly kind and hospitable, and everything was so far *couleur de rose*.

The regiment was reported fit to take the field in two months from landing, and marched at once to Burgos.

Before the march, however, a most amusing event came off at Santander. Major Rait, who was a crack man over a country, and Mr. Hely, the riding-master, also a first-class gentleman jockey, having in view a test of the riding capabilities

and pluck of the subalterns of the corps, mooted the subject of a steeplechase. Everybody was at once eager to show his prowess, and a scene took place which, had I the descriptive powers of Mr. Lever, would rival Charles O'Malley's military hunt under the "Iron Duke;" but, lacking the graphic writing of the author of the "Irish Dragoon," I will describe the Santander military steeplechase in my own rough way.

The conditions were—

A military steeplechase for horses the property of, and ridden by, officers of the Reynha Ysabel Lancers, or naval officers in the port; a sweepstake of ten dollars each—second horse to save his stakes; about three miles of a fair hunting country, to be chosen by the stewards—Colonel Kinlock, Major Rait, Mr. Hely; catch-weights.

## CHAPTER XI.

At an early hour on the day appointed, a great concourse of people from Santander wended their way from that town to the ground marked out for the steeplechase.

There were dark-eyed señoritas in coaches which were small editions of my Lord Mayor's carriage in London, with wooden springs, gilt cupids, and silk curtains; the ladies splendid in rich black silk, costly lace mantillas, and elaborate fans. I need not say how they used the latter, as almost everybody who has been in Spain has written a small book on that subject, and described it much better than I can.

With the great ladies were also great men, the wealth and dignity of Santander—the Alcalde and the Ayuntamento (corporation). Beside the carriages, in dangerous proximity to the wheels, rode gallant young cavaliers, also of the upper two hundred of Santander. These noble youths were dressed in their gayest attire, which consisted of sugar-loaf hats, *à l'Anglais*, (it is only the Spanish peasant who wears now the national costume), swallow-tail coats, and very wide trousers, black or red, sheeted home, as the sailors say, under their boots, with triple-studded straps; the boot-heels armed with triple-rowelled spurs. For the greater part, these youths wore very bright coloured satin stocks, and smoked paper cigarettes. They were mounted on little wiry Spanish horses, with their tails tied with gay ribbons, bells on their bridles, and bits severe enough to hold an elephant. They rode on most uncomfortable military demi-pique saddles, studded with brass nails, after the manner of an old-fashioned trunk; their toes inserted into little brass

stirrups, or the national wooden-shovel stirrup.

They did not seem quite at their ease; neither were the hacks exactly what one sees at Melton Mowbray, or Rugby steeplechases; but they were very well pleased with themselves, and the ladies seemed equally well satisfied with them.

Then there were fat women in *galeras*, or tilted carts (these were of the *plebs* of the great Spanish outport); with them were jolly, laughing, olive-skinned girls, buxom brunettes, with great dark flashing eyes, red or yellow silk handkerchiefs bound gracefully round their glossy raven locks, tight bodices, showing faultless busts, and short red, blue, or yellow petticoats, displaying equally faultless feet and legs, and a good deal of them too.

By the side of these tilted carts, whose axles groaned and creaked in piteous want of grease, walked brawny muleteers, in the national costume of the Arreiro: steeple-crowned hats, bedecked with bands of coloured ribbon, broad-brimmed, and most

becoming; brown cloth jackets, with figures of birds and beasts, cut on red cloth, stitched on them; red or bright coloured waistcoats, with numerous rows of silver *peseta* buttons; and clothed as to the nether man in slashed breeches, and embroidered leather gaiters; the long hair falling in black silky ringlets over the shoulders, the handsome bronzed visages and classical-shaped beards, the open shirt collar, showing the well-formed throat, the gay silk handkerchief, and the gorgeous silk girdle, giving these *paysannos* an appearance altogether more pleasing to the eye than the pie-bald mufti "would if you could" get-up of the shopocracy of Santander.

The muleteers carried boxes of *dulcès* (sweetmeats) for their *cortejos* (sweethearts), and if they were not very delicate in their attentions to their Juannitas and Antonias, they were, at least, in earnest, and there was no mistake about what they meant.

Then there were crowds of foot-people, the mobocracy of Santander: men in

sombreros and huge brown cloaks, and women in all the colours of the rainbow; boatmen and fishwomen, sailors, Spanish and English dragoons, and gallegos, water-carriers and venders of lemonade, grog, and cigars—all wended their way to see "Aguellos Inglesez locos" (those mad Englishmen) break their necks over the stone walls on the steeplechase course.

On the course, within a roped enclosure, were assembled the horses and their jockeys, and nearly every officer of the regiment. It was a catch-weight race; so no scales were required.

The get-up of the riders was unique in its way. Every imaginable change had been rung upon the stable-jacket. There was the stable-jacket in its integrity, the jacket with sleeves turned inside out, the jacket with shoulder-belt showing the rider's colour. Then there were jockeys without jackets, riding in coloured shirts. All managed to put up some distinguishing badge. As to the nether man, some sported white overalls, stuffed into wel-

lington-boots; some were great in real buckskin, or cord-breeches, and even top-boots. Regimental spurs prevailed, but there were some orthodox hunting-gaffs. All wore the regimental cap, covered with oilskin.

The course, about three miles and a half, was a very good one. The fences were mostly stone walls, not unlike those in the Gloucestershire country; but there were some stiffish staked and bound fences, and a brook full of water about twelve feet wide. The whole course was visible from the winning field.

At one o'clock the trumpets sounded "Boot and saddle." The jockeys mounted and paraded round the enclosure. They then took a preliminary canter along the ridge of the hill, where the spectators were assembled, and, amid loud cheering, were duly marshalled at the post by the starter, Mr. Hely. The starters were as follows:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lieut. Hagreve's | br. g. | "The Baron," | Owner. |
| ,, Inman's | b. g. | "Jack Matthews," | ditto. |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cornet Middleton's | b. g. | "Glaucus," | Owner. |
| ,, Moore's | b. g. | "Dorrington," | ditto. |
| ,, Partington's | br. m. | "Nina," | ditto. |
| Asst. Surg. Coleman's | br. g. | "The Count," | Mr. Claridge. |
| Lieut. Hanson's | gr. g. | "Marmion," | Owner. |
| Cornet Marsh's | brn. g. | "Canterbury," | Owner. |
| Surgeon Lardner's | bay. g. | "Stork," | Mr. Henderson. |
| Captain Oakley's | br. g. | "Crabstick," | Mr. Francis. |
| Cornet Scarth's | ch. g. | "Rufus," | Owner. |
| ,, Scarth's | br. m. | "Bathilde," | Mr. Young. |
| Asst. Surg. Dorset's | ch. g. | "Rainbow," | Owner. |
| Col. Kinloch's | gr. g. | "Grey Momus," | A Naval Officer. |
| Capt. Stephenson's | br. g. | "Zingaree," | Baron Stutterheim. |

A good line was formed, and the word "Go!" was given, when all got away in good form, Mr. Henderson, on "Stork," making the running to the first fence, over which all got safely except "Dorrington," who showed temper, and refused repeatedly. When his rider at length got him over, his chance was out. The remainder, well together, and still led by "Stork," held their way at a cracking pace to the next fence—a double ditch and bank, surmounted by an ugly bullfincher; and here the casualties commenced. It had been raining for some days previously; the ditches were both wide and deep, and full of water. Mr.

Henderson, on "Stork," a great weedy thoroughbred, with any quantity of daylight under him, and nearly sixteen hands high, charged this obstacle at a place where there was a break in the bullfincher. Too clever by half, Mr. Henderson endeavoured to double the jump Irish fashion, and was rewarded by a terrible cropper into the ditch on the landing side. No less than seven out of the fifteen fell at this fence; but these had so broken the bank and breached the hedge that the rest managed to get over pretty well. Some of our dismounted men picked up the fallen riders, and caught their horses; and they were soon in pursuit of their luckier comrades. But casualty number two was at hand. Mr. Middleton, on "Glaucus," who was now leading, was very near-sighted. A number of our men, mounted, and carrying their lances, had been placed to mark out the course, instead of flagging it in the usual manner; and, instead of going inside these mounted men, Mr. Middleton went outside, in spite of the shouts of the markers, and

was followed by the lot, except Mr. Marsh, on "Canterbury," who, heeding the cries of the markers, held to the right course. Away went the lot, doing their fences well and cleanly, except "Stork," who came a second time to grief. "Glaucus" led to the brook, where was assembled a great crowd of people, who had poached the place up on both sides until it was as slippery as glass. All charged the brook at a water-jumping pace, and spurs and whalebone were actively at work to send the horses over the water "a good bat!" But now, as Hagreve said, occurred a scene and a half.

Mr. Middleton, on "Glaucus," riding his horse like a workman, charged the brook in grand form; but when he was within a stride of it, a Spanish damsel, seized with the mania so common on our racecourses, rushed across the path of the gallant "Glaucus," who was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour; and, being balked just as he was taking off, the toe of Mr. Middleton's boot caught in the head-dress

of the damsel, and over she went into the brook. The banks were shelving and muddy, and (how shall I write it?) the head of the damsel stuck fast in the mud. All I can say further as to her position is that, fortunately for her, crinoline was not known in those days. "Glaucus" came a header into the brook.

Then arose an outcry wild. Women shrieked, men swore. "Ah, Dios mio! pauvre Antonia, estan perdito!" "Maldetta! Carajo! que demonio de cavallo!" and into the brook rushed several Spaniards to extricate the luckless damsel from her perilous position.

But, with a rush as of a whirlwind, at that moment came a dozen horses, with such "way on" as rendered it impossible to stop them, and, tail-over-end, into the brook, souse, head-over-heels went man and horse to the number of ten. Mr. Hagreve, on the "Baron," who had been lying well back, performed a brilliant feat of horsemanship. Seeing the mishap at the brook, he took hold of his horse's head and

freshened his way to such tune with whip and spur, holding him at the same time to the last moment, that the horse, making a tremendous effort, sprang high into the air, and cleared both the brook and those immersed in it. And the race would have been to the "Baron" and his gallant jockey had not the latter, like most of us, gone the wrong side of the post. Amid splashing, laughing, swearing in Spanish and English, by great exertion men and horses were got out; the unlucky damsel having first been dragged heels first out of her muddy "fix." And such a sight did the Reynha Ysabels present, covered as they were with black mud, slush, and duck-weed, that it would have troubled the paterfamilias of any of the hopefuls there immersed to recognise his offspring. So superlatively ridiculous was the appearance of men and horses that the people—English and Spaniards—were convulsed with laughter as, one after another, the jockeys, rubbing the mud out of their eyes, were legged-up and started again on their

journey. I believe nobody was merrier, however, than the discomfited riders themselves.

Away, however, they all went again, except "Crabstick," who, despite the rigorous use of steel and whalebone by his rider, Mr. Francis, tip-top workman from Wiltshire, walked quietly into the brook and began to drink. He had enough of the race. "Dorrington," too, declined the bath, and was not persevered with.

The remainder, now well together, ran to the last fence from home, where "Stork" pitched a regular somersault over the stone wall, giving his rider a heavy fall. By this time Mr. Marsh, on "Canterbury," had cantered quietly into the winning-field and dismounted. He was lighting a cigar as Hagreve, in grand style, charged the last stone wall, and cantered steadily past the post, amid loud cheers, laughter, and cries of "Bravo, Paddy!" "Well done the Baron!" "Viva los Ingleses." "Ah, Dios mio! que locas son!" Hagreve's face glowed with delight. The stakes, he thought,

were surely his. He jumped off his horse. "Hallo! Joe," he said to Marsh, "I thought your weight was too much for old 'Canterbury'." "Canterbury" was as slow as a top—his rider a welter weight, but an undeniably good horseman.

Alas! it was soon explained to Hagreve that all, except the slowest horse and the heaviest man, had gone the wrong road, and the sunshine departed from his good-humoured "phiz." It was but for a moment, however, for the next up came the ruck who had suffered immersion. No reverse could preserve a man's gravity at that sight; and Spaniard and Englishman shrieked with laughter as the mud-begrimed dragoons strode along past the winning-post.

Marsh was the winner; but it mattered little as regarded the dollars. I believe he spent it all in champagne at the mess that night, as any other winner would have done, and all was good-temper, mirth, and jollity. As for the Spanish spectators, they were in ecstasies—the more so, I

believe, because the majority of them thought that the sousing in the brook was a premeditated part of the performance.

As a test of horsemanship and good temper, the thing was a success. If every man was not a Jem Mason or a Mr. Edwards, what was lacking in artistic finish and judgment of pace was, to a great degree, compensated for by downright earnestness of purpose. Every man sat well down in his saddle, and rode his horse true and straight at his fences. I have since that time witnessed many professional steeplechases, in which less pluck was shown if there was more skill.

Major Rait and his coadjutors, the getters-up of the steeplechase, I believe, were well satisfied with its result, the more so as there was no accident or casualty that could not be put right by lots of soap and water.

There was a jolly evening at the mess, and, while there was plenty of merriment, there was no excess.

## CHAPTER XII.

Shortly after the steeplechase, the Reynha Ysabel Lancers marched from Santander to Burgos, and were quartered in the splendid barracks of that town, with the Princessa Hussars.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on the march, unless it was the uniform steadiness and good behaviour of the men, and the good feeling and harmony existing among the officers towards each other.

At Burgos the field-drill of the regiment was actively carried on, the condition of men and horses well looked to, and in a comparatively short time the corps was in a high state of efficiency.

All this time we had never (as a regiment) come in contact with the Legion.

It is time to advert to what the main body of the force we belonged to had been doing in the meantime, and I must therefore go back to a period of some months before the arrival of the 1st Lancers in Burgos.

It will be remembered that the main body of the Legion, after leaving England, was landed at Bilbao, about which town the enemy had been throwing up siege works, and seemed intent upon assaulting it.

Two regiments, however, the 1st and 2nd of the Legion (infantry), were disembarked at San Sebastian, a fortified town to the eastward of Bilbao, and near to the French frontier. This town had been taken by General Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, in the old Peninsular war.

The Carlists had made one or two serious demonstrations also upon the place, but had never before approached it in regular siege form; perhaps from the knowledge

that it was in every way better fortified than Bilbao.

After the town had been assaulted and burnt by the British army, San Sebastian had been regularly and completely restored both as to its fortifications and the houses of the town. The sea-wall was rebuilt and a good glacis run out, which reached from the harbour to the mouth of the Uremea river and the site of the old breach through which the stormers entered in the old war. The citadel which dominates the town was strongly fortified, as was also the island of Santa Clara, which, situated at the entrance of the harbour, is midway between the citadel and the lighthouse point. It was difficult for the Carlists to effect much in the way of bombarding San Sebastian without strong field-works; which, however, they afterwards constructed. At the time I write of, however, the Carlists had their outposts pushed up to the convent of San Francisco, which is at the head of the bay of San Sebastian, opposite the island of Santa Clara, also to Lagarriz,

more to the westward; and they showed on the south side of the Uremea, the bridge over which had been destroyed, at the Santa Bridgeta convent, to the right of the Passages road to France. They had also some trifling field-works (parapets) on the slopes of the lofty hill of Oriamendi, on the Hernani road.

Scarcely had the Legion assembled at Bilbao and San Sebastian, and before time was allowed to pull it together, when General Evans went to San Sebastian, and, expressing himself highly satisfied with the appearance and efficiency of the portion of the Legion he inspected there, he determined to give it an early opportunity of smelling powder; and accordingly, a few days after, on a bright sunny Sunday morning, a full-dress parade was ordered to take place on the glacis of San Sebastian. After the parade was inspected, the General formed the troops into close column, and told them he was about to show them the enemy, and he felt he could rely upon their doing their duty like British soldiers.

It is almost needless to say that this intelligence was received with loud cheers. Every officer and man was eager for the fray.

The troops piled arms, shifted their dress jackets for fighting costume, and were soon *en route*, by the road to the San Domingo convent, to the Oriamendi hill.

Before I relate what afterwards befel in this promenade, it may be as well to take a glance at the material of which the force about to make the raid was composed, and what physical training it had undergone to fit it for its work.

Of the enemy to be encountered enough has been said already to show that they were as hardy as they were brave.

I must premise these remarks by saying that, in the opinion of all military men of eminence in England (among them the late Lord Vivian), the very organization of the Legion from the beginning was a blunder; that there should have been four regiments of cavalry instead of two, more artillery and less infantry; but, in any

case, that the infantry should have been kept on the coast, where they were sorely needed, at Bilbao and San Sebastian, until thoroughly drilled and conditioned for marching and the open field.

Every soldier of experience knows that English recruits are about the worst men to take on march to be found in any army. They have the heart, but not the head; they have no notion of keeping themselves or their kits in order, or of personal management. It does not take long to teach them to fight: there is plenty of that in them; but on the march it requires certainly one old soldier to every three recruits to keep them in anything like form.

The opinion of Lord Vivian and others was influenced not a little by the above considerations.

An additional reason for keeping the infantry on the coast was that there was a battalion of the British Royal Marines there, whose example would have been highly beneficial to the raw levies of the Legion. Every day passed at the coast

would have added to the physical health and condition of the recruits, and better fitted them to face the wear and tear of the road and the field; while it would have given their officers a fair chance to get them in hand.

A force like the Legion, hastily got together, can both drill and fight, if you keep them in one place until they are up to their work. But, if you expect men, whose only title to the name of soldier is the fact of their names being on the muster-roll, to go long marches in a country strange to them in every way, through the inclemencies of a bitter winter in a most uncertain climate, over a mountainous and difficult way, among a people hostile to you, where the most active commissariat may fail in procuring supplies, and where, consequently, great hardships must necessarily be encountered where even old, seasoned, hardy veterans would be sorely tried—if, I say, you ask all this of your raw recruit, you will assuredly learn one valuable lesson at a fearful cost—viz., that pluck, however

good a quality in itself, is not all you want of a soldier. It seemed to be on the contrary assumption, however, that General Evans acted. In fact, it appeared as though he thought he was handling French conscripts instead of English recruits, and taking a leaf out of the book of some of the generals of the early French Republic, who boasted of taking their recruits into action within a month of their joining. If General Evans supposed his English recruits had the aptitude for soldiering that Frenchmen have, it only proves that he must have gone through his long service with his eyes shut. All men who have had the opportunity, and kept them open, know that, although there is no beating a thorough English soldier when well handled, it takes a long time to get him up to his craft; whereas Frenchmen, without the obstinacy of our men, are born soldiers, and take to the detail of soldiering as a duck does to the water.

In most cases, in our regular army even, the recruit joins in a bad physical state of health, generally from bad and irregular

living previous to his enlistment; and it takes some time to fit him for his work. If this is the case in the regular army, under rigid medical supervision, what must have been the case with the Legion recruits, who were mostly lads who were in a starving condition at home, unable even to enlist in their own service from some physical incapacity?

Clearly such men required nursing a little and conditioning before being sent to fight such men as the Basque soldiers; so, however, did not think General Evans. He was timid, morally, of being accused of want of energy, and he launched his young men into action with scarcely any preparation. We shall now see with what result.

On the Sunday morning I speak of the men of the Legion were overjoyed at the prospect of a brush with the foe. Few of the officers of the force knew anything about the quality of the enemy; and the men, for the greater part, believed the Carlists would run for their lives as soon

as they saw the red-jackets of the Legion approaching, and were firmly convinced that one Englishman was a match for half a dozen foreigners. Not a bad belief for a recruit to commence with. It is a bad thing to allow your man to be roughly and suddenly convinced of his mistake.

Full of fight, the two Legion regiments, supported by a Spanish brigade, advanced boldly up the Hernani road. The Carlist pickets retired, which, to the Legion men, looked like cowardice; the enemy made no stand, even on the very defensible and advantageous positions afforded by the eastern slopes of the Oriamendi hill, but retired slowly, skirmishing down the south-eastern side of the hill, and along the road to Hernani, which, when the elbow-like bend of the road is turned, is visible, with its white houses and quaint old church, picturesquely situated in the middle of a lovely valley, watered by the Uremea river, which meanders quietly through the bottom.

It was a very hot though lovely day;

the men, short of condition, were much fatigued by climbing the steep sides of Oriamendi in their tight jackets and stiff stocks, both so new to them; but they were elated at seeing their enemy retreat before them; and when they looked upon the little town of Hernani, apparently just within their grasp, were not a little proud of their day's achievement, so far, and confident of the result.

Now, if it had pleased the General to have allowed them to pile arms, lie down and rest half an hour, and march back to San Sebastian to dinner, no harm would have been done by this little spurt. But in an evil moment General Evans sent his two regiments, supported by the Spanish infantry, in pursuit of the fugitive Carlists.

Boldly the little Legion recruits trotted down the hill after the enemy. They were cheered on by their officers, all full of pluck. The Carlists retreated almost to the gates of Hernani, and our men thought of having a town to sack, when, lo! the hitherto retreating enemy turned at bay,

gave the Legion men and their Spanish *confrères* a rattling volley of musketry, then fixed bayonets, and charged the advancing Christinos. So sudden was this change of tactics on the part of the Carlists, and so utterly unexpected, that not only the Spanish regiments, but those of the Legion, were seized with panic, and a regular stampede ensued—a little Bull Run. English and Spaniards fled for their lives. The race, like the fight, was all in favour of the Carlists. The Basque mountaineers, to whom the steep hill is as the level ground to an Englishman, easily outrun and caught their less fleet opponents, and slaughtered the poor Legion recruits without mercy.

The flight and the panic were complete, in spite of all the efforts of the Legion officers, who behaved admirably. It was no use. Our men stopped running only when the Carlists ceased at the crest of Oriamendi to run after them; and, downcast, worn out, and dispirited, the two Legion regiments returned to San Sebastian, minus a good many of their number. The affair

was ever after spoken of as the day of "Hernani races."

This was the first brush the Legion men had with the Carlists, and its result upon the former was very depressing, while the latter were proportionably elated with their easy victory. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, however; and our little recruits, if they ran away at "Hernani races," like the Yankees at Bull Run afterwards, when in better form, amply redeemed the prestige of their country, as the Northerners of America have theirs.

Shortly after this affair, the San Sebastian portion of the Legion was shipped off to join the main body at Bilbao, and the Carlists were left to work their will on San Sebastian. This was in August 1835. By the month of May 1836 the Carlists had succeeded in working to some purpose.

The infantry and artillery of the Legion having been gathered together at Bilbao, drilling and organising was proceeded with. Some brushes with the enemy took place,

but nothing worth recording. In November it was decided that the Legion should quit the coast, and march to join the head-quarters of General Espartero, at Vittoria.

Winter had set in unusually early. That season in the north of Spain and the Basque mountains is more severe than in England. Old men in Spain said that the winter of 1835-36 was the hardest recollected for forty years.

The British Legion marched from Bilbao without camp equipment of any sort, badly shod and poorly clothed, and with a very inefficient commissariat.

As I was not an eye-witness of that march, I can only speak by the reports of old brother Portuguese officers. These reports I know to be reliable; and all concurred in describing the sufferings of officers and men as very great; and, though borne with true British pluck and fortitude, they had a frightfully demoralizing effect upon the force, which, worn out by fatigue, privation, and exposure, toiled along on its

weary way to Briviesca, encumbered every day more and more by sick and fainting men, and becoming less and less fit to work out the purpose it was sent for.

I was told by several officers that at many points of their march, if the Carlist generals had possessed the necessary dash and energy, they could have annihilated the Legion, which, from sheer physical exhaustion, could have offered but faint resistance.

The force, however, arrived at Briviesca early in December, and, after a brief halt there, marched to Vittoria, leaving a great number of sick behind.

This was the first march of the British Legion.

About the same time the Reynha Ysabel Lancers marched also from Burgos, by way of Logrono, and joined the Legion, for the first time, in Vittoria. I had a good opportunity at this time of estimating the effect of the march from Bilbao on the infantry of the Legion. There were five English, three Scotch, and three Irish regiments.

Decidedly the Irishmen had the best of it, the Scotch next, and the English the worst. But the whole presented a very sickly and broken-down appearance, and were miserably clothed and shod.

The whole Legion, shortly after its arrival in Vittoria, was sent into cantonments in the villages round the town, from Matalka, on the Durango road, to Lojo, Gamarra Mayor, and Abechuco to Salinas, back along the Pampeluna road by Eloriaga to Vittoria.

Our regiment was divided and attached by squadrons to the different brigades of the Legion.

At Vittoria there was a fair commissariat, and gradually the troops began to recover their *morale* and physical power.

Much sickness, however, prevailed, and up to the middle of January 1836 nothing was attempted against the Carlists, who were cantoned along our front, their right near the Venta of Acheverria, on the way to Orchiola, and their left near Pena Cerrada.

Generals Gibulalde and Sanz were in command of the Carlists.

The Christino army, numbering at this time about sixty thousand men of all arms, was commanded by General Espartero.

## CHAPTER V.

### GENERAL ESPARTERO AND THE CHAPELGORRIS.

SHORTLY after our arrival in Vittoria we were unwilling spectators of, if not participators in, a bloody tragedy, in the shape of a military execution, enacted by order of General Espartero, then commanding there.

Attached to the Vittoria division of the Spanish army were several *cuerpos francos* (free corps), or, as they would have been called in the Wellington era, guerilla corps.

These men were dashing, devil-may-care fellows, always the first into a fight and the last out of it. They were subject to the

same pains and penalties as the English and French auxiliaries at the hands of the Carlists if taken prisoners; that is to say, death without mercy was their doom.

The free corps men were provided with clothing, arms, and ammunition. They received a peseta (tenpence) a day pay, and for that sum were expected to provide themselves with rations; for the commissariat people ignored them.

The consequence was, that, while the Peseteros (as they were called) were as truculent and bloodthirsty to their foes as the Carlists were to them or us, these free corps men were also desperate thieves and marauders—robbing everybody, friend or foe, when the opportunity occurred.

The chance to do this was no small part of their inducement to act as guides and tirailleurs in going into action; and to cover retreats they were still more anxious, as they reckoned that nobody in an enemy's country would follow to tell tales at their own head-quarters. It turned out that this calculation was not always to be relied upon.

The most dashing of the free corps was one called the Chapelgorris (red caps), from their wearing the flat red Navarrese cap, worn by a portion of the Carlist troops, the whole of whom had adopted the Boina, as it was called, either red, white, or blue, as part of their uniform.

Many dashing things, in the way of daring raids and forays among the Carlists, had been done by the Chapelgorris, and a deadly animosity and war to the knife existed between them and the troops of Don Carlos.

On one occasion, while covering the retreat of a column, with which General Espartero was returning from a reconnaissance, the Chapelgorris plundered a village. The parish priest, or "padre," interfered, and, it was said, struck a Chapelgorri officer with his stick.

Whatever the provocation, however, the unfortunate priest was beaten and ill-used. He fled to his church for refuge; was pursued and stabbed to death on the very altar, and the church was pillaged of the communion-plate.

This was a crime of the very deepest dye in the eyes of all decent Catholic Spaniards. Although the village was, shortly after this tragedy, occupied by the Carlists, the perpetrators of the atrocious sacrilege were not long left in immunity from their outrage.

A flag of truce appeared at the outposts. Some Carlist chiefs of high rank sought an interview with General Espartero, and informed him of the bloody deed enacted in the village, and also that the Chapelgorris were the assassins.

General Espartero took great pains to ascertain the truth of this report, which was eventually confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt.

He then paraded the whole Chapelgorri regiment, and informed them of what had come to his knowledge. He gave them three days to give up the perpetrators of the sacrilege and murder which had been committed, and informed them that, if they failed to hand over the delinquents to justice, he would deal very sharply and sum-

marily with the whole corps. He did not say in what way.

Now honour among thieves is an old story, though it is just the quarter in which I should be doubtful of finding it. The Chapelgorris were thieves beyond doubt, and worse, some of them; and it would have been more to their honour to have given up the delinquents, who were well known. Nothing, however, but stern silence met all inquiries as to the murderers of the venerable white-headed priest.

General Espartero ordered the Chapelgorris to parade on the morning of the fourth day after his first appeal to them. He also ordered several Spanish regiments, and most of the Legion troops, to parade at the same hour.

The rendezvous was the Florida or public garden, outside Vittoria; and at the appointed hour all were on the ground. Two troops of Spanish horse-artillery were there also. The Chapelgorris came last; they were formed in line, ordered to pile arms,

faced to the right about, and marched about fifty yards to the rear. Their arms were instantly seized by a number of Spanish troops told off for the purpose.

The Chapelgorris were fronted, and General Espartero, riding up with his staff, addressed them, and told them that, if the murderers of the priest did not instantly step to the front, to save their comrades, who were innocent, he would shoot every tenth man in the regiment there and then.

No man would speak in that long line of red-capped soldiers. There was neither whisper nor murmur, but a dead, stern, unbroken silence.

The General paused a few minutes; while every spectator of that dread scene looked on in breathless, sickening suspense. The few minutes seemed an hour. Then, in a voice of thunder, General Espartero ordered the Chapelgorris to number by tens from the right. In loud, clear, ringing tones the Chapelgorris numbered off by tens, as if on an ordinary parade. Then came a second command, "Every tenth man a

pace to the front!" As if with one accord, every tenth man stepped boldly to the front. Instantly a strong body of the Guides, a Spanish light infantry corps, seized these men and bound them. They were marched to the dead wall of the Florida, and placed with their faces to it. There was not a murmur nor a prayer. There were just a hundred of these devoted men thus standing on the brink of eternity, and no man offered a word to stay the hand of the avenger of blood.

Most men on that parade, myself among the number, believed that at the last moment General Espartero would relent, or that the guilty men would confess their crime and save their comrades, as it could not be supposed that numbering a regiment off by tens was the way to discover the guilty. We were mistaken in both surmises. About two hundred men of the Guides advanced close to the Chapelgorris who faced the wall, and between them and the remainder of the delinquent corps.

Again the General spoke—

"Step forward, the murderers of the priest, and save your comrades!"

A sickening pause of half-a-dozen seconds followed.

Then, for the last time on the occasion, the General, with terrible energy and thundering tones, cried—

"Guias!" (Guides!)

"Fermes!" (Attention!)

"Pronto!" (Ready!)

"Presente!" (Present!)

The muzzles of the muskets touched the backs of the Chapelgorris.

"Fuego!" (Fire!)

A rattling roll of musketry, a small white cloud of smoke, and the hundred victims lay dead or writhing on the green turf, which was deep dyed with fast welling gore.

It was an act of sharp and terrible retribution—whether a just one is another matter; certainly the Chapelgorris proved their staunch truth to each other, although in a bad cause.

They showed, too, that, if their lives had been dissolute and profligate, they knew how to die.

The effect of this terrible affair was that the Chapelgorris refused to serve any longer unless incorporated with the British Legion, which was done; and they then proved themselves good soldiers; and General Espartero was removed by the Madrid Government from the command of the Vittoria division, and was succeeded by General Cordova.

## CHAPTER VI.

The month of January 1836 found the British Legion at Vittoria, and in cantonments in the villages on the Pampeluna road and its neighbourhood.

The Spanish troops were for the most part quartered in the town of Vittoria, and in the villages along the Madrid road by way of La Puebla.

Before I attempt to give any account of the operations in which the Legion took part in the army under General Cordova, I must record an event which was of vital importance to the Christino cause, and which forms a brilliant episode in the history of my old corps—the Reynha Ysabel Lancers.

While that regiment was *en route* from Burgos to Vittoria, Major Greville, who had been to England on duty, returned to Santander to rejoin his regiment. At Santander he found the depôt of the regiment, and received orders to take command of it. Just at this time the town of San Sebastian was sorely pressed by the Carlists.

A very small garrison of Spanish troops had been left at this important point; and the Carlists, emboldened by the known weakness of their enemy, had pushed their outposts up to the very glacis of San Sebastian, and had thrown up strong works on the side of the San Bartolomeo and San Francisco convents, had mounted several batteries there with heavy ordnance, and were bombarding the town.

Intelligence of this had no sooner reached Santander than Major Greville and Colonel De Lancy, on the staff, who had just arrived there, volunteered to take the men of the depôt up to San Sebastian, to assist in its defence.

Permission to this effect being accorded

by Colonel Arbuthnot, the commandant at Santander, an application was made to Lord John Hay, who commanded the British squadron, for some guns; and some long four-and-twenties were speedily put into a few *chasse-marées*, and the dismounted men of the Reynha Ysabel Lancers and a few artillery officers—Captain Thoreau and Lieutenants Hamilton and Ridge with the latter—embarked at night on board the "Ysabel," one of two steam-frigates which had been purchased in England, and officered and manned by Englishmen for the Spanish service, and, with the *chasse-marées* and guns in tow, at once started for San Sebastian.

It was the month of December, the weather rough and boisterous in the extreme, and great difficulty occurred in preventing the *chasse-marées* from being swamped by the heavy sea on the passage. But, by good management, the small succouring force arrived safely, and disembarked at San Sebastian. Before daylight the next morning the guns were landed and

placed in position; and, by the indefatigable exertions of Major Greville, Colonel De Lancey, Lieutenant the Baron Stutterheim, Major McDuff, and the artillery officers and men, so vigorous and well-directed a fire was opened on the Carlists that they withdrew from their positions at the San Francisco and San Bartolomeo convents. A reinforcement of Spanish troops arrived from Bilbao shortly afterwards; and San Sebastian was for the time delivered from all peril of immediate capture.

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the promptitude and energy with which this expedition was carried out; for San Sebastian was in sore peril at the moment, and was a most important post, and the probability is that, but for the quickness and determination of Major Greville and Colonel De Lancy, it would have fallen into the hands of the Carlists. It was afterwards the scene of many a desperate encounter between the Legion troops and those of Don Carlos.

To return to Vittoria. In the middle of

January 1836 the depôt of our regiment from Santander, under command of Major Greville, joined us, and the following week the first active field operations I had the honour of witnessing under General Cordova took place.

The Carlists in front of Vittoria were so exposed that it appeared an easy matter to penetrate their centre by way of the Tolosa road, which takes a sharp turn under the heights of Arlaban from the Pampeluna road.

The Carlist troops were massed in two divisions—the first so disposed as to cover the approaches to Tolosa, and the second those to Durango; but the force covering the way to Durango was very inferior in number to that on the Tolosa route, the way to Durango by the pass of Orchiola being a natural position of great strength, and capable of defence against a vastly superior force.

A great gap intervened between the left of the Durango division of the Carlist army and that covering the Tolosa road;

and the Carlists, rather smart soldiers than good strategists, were careless of their communications.

So General Cordova determined upon making a dash between these two divisions of the Carlist army, with the view (so it was said) of pushing on to Tolosa, then the head-quarters of Don Carlos.

General Cordova had under his command about sixty thousand men, all told, including the British Legion. The French Algerine Legion, which arrived at Vittoria after marching from Ceuta, its point of debarkation, was also of this force; and truth compels me to say, that, after its long and toilsome march, from the extreme south of Spain to nearly its northern extremity, this magnificent little French force of about four thousand men, when it paraded in the great *plaza* of Vittoria, after its long journey, afforded a spectacle of soldierlike appearance and fitness for immediate service which contrasted very favourably with that of the British Legion, when it arrived in Vittoria from Briviesca;

the Frenchmen were, however, all veteran troops, and all infantry, accustomed to a self-providing and supporting system, which was not the case in our service.

General Cordova's army was strong in cavalry and artillery, horse and foot, and was altogether a most respectable and indeed formidable force.

If I may be permitted to venture an opinion after an interval of nearly thirty years' service since that time, it lacked only two things to have insured the probable success of the operation undertaken in January 1836. The first was good handling, the second three days' good provisions. It had neither; and the operation failed. Let us see how.

When one speaks of good handling, of course one means the proper application of the acknowledged rules of military strategy to the case in point.

Now it was the month of January; and, assuming that the Carlists were fast asleep —which, as far as showing any able disposition of their troops, they certainly must

have been at the time—it was quite clear that to push right into a hostile country (for such every inch of the ground seven miles from Vittoria was) with any chance of success, it was necessary that the troops so adventuring should be, in all respects well provided, not only with good rations, but also with camp equipage and a good field ambulance. The villages along the route we were to advance upon were few and small, and the farms sparse and far apart. No great amount of foresight was required to tell that we should not go far into the Carlist country without fighting, and that on every field we won we should find our quarters for the night, as regarded the larger portion of the force.

This calculation would certainly seem to involve the necessity of camp equipment, however light. Light twelve-berth bell-tents would have answered the purpose admirably. I mean the kind of tent used in the Crimea. In no country in the world, India excepted, is there always at hand so ready a means of carrying tent

equipage as in Spain, by reason of the great abundance of first-rate powerful mules, always to be had in any quantity in every part of the country. There was no lack of transport therefore for the tents.

But tell it not at the military clubs, General Evans marched out of his cantonments without a single tent to shelter his men from the bitter inclemency of the hardest winter that Spain had seen for forty years, in the month of January, and when every drummer-boy knew that in the absence of a tent, there was nothing for him but the bivouac on the green turf, in a country very short of wood, and no other covering but snow-laden clouds, and a biting frost to solace him after the exertions of the day. It may be said there were no tents. The answer is simple. The Legion had no more business to march from the coast without proper camp equipage than it had to start without arms or ammunition.

The Legion was provided with arms and ammunition from British arsenals; and a simple requisition before leaving England

would have produced all that was wanting, in the way of tenting for the field, without any hesitation on the part of the British Government.

It may also be said we were no worse off than our neighbours, as the Spanish troops were also unprovided with tents; but that is a very poor reason, and, moreover, the Spaniards were all veteran troops, thoroughly hardened to their work, and accustomed to the hardships of mountain life from infancy. We were better provided as to ambulance; and it was speedily required.

On the morning of the 25th of January, 1836, General Cordova put his army in motion, in one strong column, heading towards Pampeluna. The march was commenced at daylight; and about eleven o'clock the head of the column, taking a sharp turn at the junction of the Tolosa road, deployed and advanced in line towards the position occupied by the Carlists at Arlaban.

The Carlists were commanded by Gene-

ral Iturralde, and, I believe, were in some degree surprised; but they were not in sufficient force in any case to do battle for their position; so that, after some smart skirmishing, in which Colonel Churchill and his regiment, the 3rd Westminster Grenadiers, behaved very dashingly, and took some parapets at the point of the bayonet in good style, the Carlists retired, and we occupied the heights of Arlaban towards dusk on this short day. Colonel Jochmus, of the quarter-master general's staff, was here badly wounded in the head while assisting Colonel Churchill to lead on the 3rd regiment of the Legion, a musket-ball tearing off the scalp from his forehead.

Darkness descended on the heights of Arlaban, the position of the Legion; the Spanish troops were to the right, the French Algerine Legion on their left.

## CHAPTER VII.

NIGHT came on, dark and cheerless, a biting frost, and driving snow. The cavalry were ordered to seek shelter in the villages, on the Vittoria side of Arlaban; and, as these were denuded of troops for the time, the cavalry found good quarters for man and horse. The infantry and artillery bivouacked on the heights of Arlaban, without other covering than their coats and cloaks in most instances, for blankets were scarce enough, and wood hardly to be procured without a large amount of straggling. In the morning the Carlists were found to be strongly posted in front of the old Moorish castle of Guevara, which stands on one of the

slopes of the Arlaban hills, to the left of the road from Vittoria to Pampeluna.

Nothing of any consequence was done by the Legion that day; but General Cordova made an attempt to turn the Carlist right with the French Algerine Legion, and succeeded so far as to cause a considerable change of front by the Carlists. The French troops behaved admirably, and held the ground they had won that night. So far, then, we had the road to Tolosa open. Everybody expected, on the morning of the third day, that a general action would become inevitable, as the Carlists had been strongly reinforced; but that day a heavy fog and blinding snow came on: it was impossible to see ten yards ahead; and General Cordova, without condescending to inform General Evans of his plans, quietly put his Spanish troops in motion to the rear, and returned to Vittoria and its neighbourhood, leaving the British and French Legions to endure the pelting of the pitiless storm on the heights of Arlaban for a third night, and at the same

time leaving their right flank uncovered, with a glorious opportunity to the Carlists of cutting their communications with their base of operations.

Great were the sufferings of the troops thus exposed to the severity of that most inclement season. Many perished of absolute cold and want of nourishment on the bleak and barren hill-side; for the troops were ill-provided with rations, and those three nights of useless exposure caused the deaths by malignant typhus fever of nearly two hundred officers, and above two thousand men of the Legion within two months of that time.

The morning of the 28th of January, 1836, found matters as above described.

The daylight had barely made a vain attempt to struggle through the thick mist and driving snow. The hapless, but undaunted soldiers of the British Legion stood to their arms, and shivered in the howling blast and driving tempest.

General Evans and his staff were mounted and eagerly waiting for orders, when

information was brought by some Chapelgorris that General Cordova had left his position to our right, and that the bulk of the Carlist army was between us (the British and French Legions) and the high road to Vittoria.

This was a critical situation; but there was nothing for it but immediate retreat—well, indeed, if it could be effected without disaster.

There were a number of bivouac fires burning along our front, and, leaving these as well replenished with fuel as we could, silently and quietly the English and French Legions commenced their retreat towards Vittoria, guided by the Chapelgorris, who knew the country, though sorely puzzled by the fog. They took a route nearly parallel to the road from Pampeluna to Vittoria, and leading towards the village of Gammarra Mayor.

The fog which puzzled the Chapelgorris, however, befriended us as much as it baffled the Carlists; and fortunately we struck the high road from Gammarra Mayor to Vittoria

at a point where the Carlists had only a strong picket. We had moved nearly the whole day in a line representing one side of a triangle, the base of which would be the distance between the position we had evacuated and the extreme right of that from which General Cordova had moved, and the apex the point at which we encountered the Carlist picket. This picket was quickly sent to the right-about by some of the French infantry; and, covered by one regiment and two batteries of artillery, both legions arrived safely at Vittoria by the Pampeluna road, on which it had again struck.

So much for General Cordova's movement, which was to have landed us in Tolosa, and inflicted a mortal blow on the Carlist army.

All that need be said about the operation, as regards its bearing on the issues of the war generally, is comprised in the old distich,—

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

There was much talk about treachery, and a desire on the part of General Cordova to sacrifice the British and French Legions.

But I believe the fact is, that General Cordova, finding the movement impracticable on account of the weather, gave it up without caring much what became of his English or French auxiliaries. Probably he gave them credit for sufficient acuteness to find out that he was gone, and to find their own road home.

It was a bitterly cold day; and, although General Cordova had plenty of furs to cover him, he very likely thought he should be more comfortable in his magnificent quarters in Vittoria than on the dreary heights of Arlaban.

The whole affair was probably got up in connection with some stockjobbing, finance, swindling matter at Madrid; and General Cordova, most likely, by marching to Arlaban, and stopping three days in the snow there, did all that answered his purpose and that of his coadjutors at Madrid.

A very dashing little affair, however, took place while we were out on this expedition.

The rations of the Legion were sent, or supposed to be sent, from Vittoria while it was in the field. I have before noticed that three days' rations could not be procured for the whole of General Cordova's division—at least so said the commissariat people; so the unfortunate Legionites had to trust to Vittoria for their food at Arlaban.

A train of baggage-mules and others, carrying provisions for the troops, was *en route*, viâ the Pampeluna road, to join the 4th regiment of the Legion.

This train was escorted by a party of the 4th regiment, under the command of an old Waterloo sergeant. The men, with a real English confidence in the idea that their red jackets were sufficient to frighten any Carlist soldiers, (the 4th were not at Hernani in August 1835), had bound their firelocks up with the baggage, the old sergeant being the only exception to this unsoldierlike act.

At the village of Salinas, through which the Pampeluna road runs, a strong picket of Spanish regular infantry was posted; and part of its orders were to turn all provision or baggage trains, or followers whatever, off the high road, to the right or left, when they arrived in the village, according to their destination. The mule train of the 4th regiment arrived at Salinas, and was duly warned by the officer of the Spanish picket to diverge to the left. But no attention was paid to the order; and the party, contumaciously laughing at the officer, held on its way, intending to turn to the left at a point half a mile further on, where, from a small hamlet, a road led straight up to the ground occupied by the 4th regiment.

But in this hamlet was a picket of Carlist lancers, which, perceiving the mule train coming on, withdrew its vedettes, and, concealing itself behind the houses, waited until the luckless party of infantry had turned out of the main road, when, with a loud "Hurrah!" they dropped their

lance-points and charged. In two minutes the Carlist lancers were upon our people; they killed every man of the escort, not one being able to fire a shot in his own defence but the old sergeant, who, jumping up behind a loose stone wall, fired with such rapidity and precision that he shot the Carlist lancer officer through the heart, and mortally wounded two others—a clear proof that our people would have been more than a match for the cavalry had they not tied up their muskets and left themselves unarmed.

At the moment, however, that the Carlist lancers showed in the hamlet, Lieutenant Jennyns, of Captain Hely's troop, perceived them; and, when they charged our people, Captain Hely, Mr. Jennyns, and another officer, with twenty men, galloped at top speed to rescue the unfortunate foot-soldiers from their peril.

Our people had more than three times the ground to go over that the enemy had; but so good was our pace, that, although not soon enough to save the lives of the

4th men, Captain Hely pursued the Carlists through the hamlet, retook the mules, with two unhappy women who were shrieking with affright, and all the provisions and baggage, and, still pressing after the Carlist lancers, killed several of them close to their own lines. The affair was a very smart one, although on a small scale.

The effects of the Arlaban movement were speedily visible on the British Legion. The men had been slowly recovering from their Briviesca march when they were taken to Arlaban. That march, and the three nights' bivouac in the snow, found out all the sickly and weakly ones; and straightway a fever of most malignant form broke out among the officers and men of General Evans's division: putrid typhus the medical men called it. It was very contagious, and the wretched quarters into which our unfortunate men were packed—that is, empty convents and churches, with the damp flagstones to lie on—soon caused the fever to spread to an alarming pitch. The hospitals were

crowded; no bedding or accommodation was to be procured for the suffering and delirious soldiers; even straw was scarcely obtainable; and the hospitals themselves, instead of being places wherein to heal the sick, became foul and fetid hot-beds of disease, engendering malaria, which prostrated with fever all who approached their deadly vicinity. The medical officers fell sick in great numbers, unable to bear up against the deadly influence of the disease they were endeavouring to combat in their patients. So rapid was the mortality that the children in Vittoria, from constantly hearing the "Dead March" in "Saul" rolled out from muffled drum and fife as some unlucky Legionite was borne to his last resting-place, took up the mournful dirge, and from morning till night the "Dead March" was continually droned into one's ears by some bands of young Spaniards. I believe that it was in consequence of this that a general order was issued that no music should accompany the funerals.

Turn one's footsteps where one might, the

funeral party, bearing officer or man, confronted one. So great was the mortality and so rapid, that at last orders were given that no more funeral honours were to be paid to the dead; and in every direction were to be seen parties of miserable, emaciated-looking creatures, in long gray infantry overcoats, bearing on their shoulders a coffin containing the body of some dead comrade—ay, and more than one—under whose weight the enfeebled convalescents (as they were called) staggered along, and not unfrequently let fall the coffin in the road from sheer inability to support its weight.

It is impossible to award too much praise to the medical officers, both staff and regimental, on this occasion.

Although, one after another, some surgeon was struck down, and fell a victim to the terrible plague fever, no medical man was known to shirk his duty.

A noble example was set by Mr. Alcock, now Sir Rutherford Alcock, the British ambassador at Japan, then Deputy In-

spector-general of Hospitals to the Legion. Ceaseless in his exertions to alleviate the sufferings of officers and men, the amount of work this gentleman got through was perfectly wonderful. He seemed gifted with the power of ubiquity, for one encountered him everywhere; and his kind and soothing words, as well as his great medical skill, were ever at the service of the dying soldier or his suffering officer.

The fever continued to rage with almost unabated violence for nearly two months, and in that time carried off above two hundred officers (medical men included), and more than two thousand men, besides sending home a great many invalided to England.

Such was the effect of the three nights' bivouac at Arlaban upon the Legion officers and men, aided by bad rations, bad clothing, and bad management, that the Legion, as a force, literally fell to pieces.

Nothing more was accomplished or even attempted by the British Legion during its sojourn at Vittoria in the way of active

field operations. As the birds began to chirp and the early spring leaf-buds to show themselves, the Legion, sorely reduced, decimated by the frightful typhus fever, was cantoned in the villages on the roads running through Ariaga, on the Durango road, to Matalka and the Venta of Acheverria; and with the coming spring also came renewed health and strength to the hard-worn officers and men.

The villages in which the Legion was quartered, at the time I speak of, were much cleaner and healthier than any we had before occupied; and the men were much benefited by the change.

What now remained of the force was tolerably good stuff. Most of the weakly and sickly had died, or been sent home to starve in the streets of London; those to the fore were tolerably hardy fellows.

Three regiments—the 2nd, 4th, and 5th—of the Legion had vanished. So cut up were they by fever that the few men remaining in them were drafted into the 1st, 3rd, and 6th regiments, and all officers who could

not be provided with some berth sent home. Thus, in about eight months, three regiments out of eleven were utterly extinct; the whole Legion, up to this time, not having lost a hundred men killed or wounded in action.

A good many reconnaissances were made in the neighbourhood of Vittoria: promenades they might more properly be called, as they resulted in nothing. In the meantime the whole Legion force was pulled well together by its commanding officers, and by the month of March was in a very high state of efficiency.

A second regiment of lancers, under the command of Colonel Jacks, had meantime joined us in Vittoria, and, brigaded with our corps, formed a very respectable little cavalry force. Like the officers of the Reynha Ysabel, the 2nd lancer officers were a very dashing set of young fellows, capitally mounted, and all good horsemen. They completely eclipsed us in the glitter and brilliancy of their uniform, and their men were the finest lot of great able-bodied

fellows I ever saw together; but their troop-horses were not equal in quality to ours, nor up to the weight of their riders.

Our regiment was also joined at this time by a very brilliant officer of General Bacon's old corps—Captain Skipworth. As was said of the well-known old squire, Mr. Osbaldiston, no age, or time, or country ever produced a better sportsman than this gentleman; and a thorough sportsman always makes a good soldier. I have seen all the crack riders of my time in the hunting-field, and with regiments, steeple-race jockeys and military riders, but I have never seen the man in either place who equalled Captain Skipworth, take him for all in all.

He was a great acquisition to us; but, like many other straightforward and high-minded men who joined the Legion, he became disgusted with much that he saw, and his stay among us was not of long duration. Short as it was, however, it sufficed to give to the Spaniards a taste for English horses and English riding,

which has been cultivated by the Spanish nobility to this day; the present Marquis D'Ossuna, then an officer of the royal guard, having at this time a capital stud of English horses, under the management of an English stud-groom, and her most catholic Majesty herself, being a good judge of English horses, and very fond of riding and driving four-in-hand, also maintains a very much better, if not more numerous, stud than we have at Buckingham Palace.

Very much of this taste for English horses and English turn-out properly and correctly appointed, had its origin at the time I am writing of in the impression made on the Spanish noblemen by Captain Skipworth, Major Rait, and others of their class.

Before we quitted our cantonments on the Pampeluna road a very notable event occurred, which redounded infinitely to the credit of one of our subaltern officers, Mr. Inman.

Our regiment had been divided by

squadrons among the different brigades of the Legion, as far as possible, and a squadron, the D and E troops, was quartered in Gammarra Mayor and Gammarra Minor; the first commanded by Captain Oakley, and the latter by Captain Small.

Truth, however, compels me to say that these two officers were more frequently in Vittoria at night than with their troops at out-quarters. The squadron was at the disposal of the Baron de Rottenburg, the colonel of the rifles.

Now Gammarra Mayor being an outpost village, in front of which we had but a day picket, which was retired at night, the Carlist cavalry were in the habit of coming down at night into the very village, or at least the outskirts of it; and Mr. Inman, or "Our Jock," as he was called in the regiment, who was a rollicking devil-may-care fellow, intensely fond of fun and mischief, as well as a first-rate soldier in every sense of the word, night after night amused himself by watching the manœuvres of the Carlist patrols

from the top of the house in which he was quartered. He observed that, preceded by an advance party of vedettes, they always came along the high-road from Tolosa down to a very large empty house, about a mile from Gammarra Mayor, and that by degrees, night after night, they came nearer and nearer to Inman's quarters; and at last he observed that they neglected to take any notice of the ruined houses.

So Inman, in the absence of his captain in Vittoria, one very dark evening had his troop ready saddled and bridled up, and the men standing to their horses in the stables, without saying a word to any one as to his intentions.

When the day picket was withdrawn, Inman filed out with his troops, and, taking the green-sward by the road-side for his path, gained the large ruined house without being observed. He concealed his men and horses within the walls of the house, and waited patiently for the advent of the Carlist cavalry.

His patience was sorely tried, as it was

within an hour of daylight before he heard them coming down the road. Stealing quietly out by himself, and dismounted, he ensconced himself behind a stone wall, and thence saw the Carlist cavalry file past his hiding-place. They were in more than usual force—a strong squadron of them.

When they had all passed, Inman returned to the ruined house, and, waiting until he judged the Carlists were close to the village, he filed out, formed his men in line, and trotted smartly along the level green turf towards the village. He had, before leaving the house, informed his wondering men of his plan, enjoining strict silence until they saw him give the signal with his sword, when they were at once to follow him and charge the Carlists with a loud shout.

As it afterwards transpired, the object of the Carlists on this particular occasion was to surround the house in which Inman was quartered in Gammarra Mayor, and to make prisoners of himself and his troop; in which case, according to the Christian-like

provisions of the Durango decree, every one taken would have been shot without mercy, after being paraded through the country for the amusement of the inhabitants. This feat would not have been so very difficult of accomplishment had Inman been as careless as some of those about him.

The house in which he was quartered with his troop was a large, isolated one, detached from the village; and the probability is that, if Inman and his men had gone to sleep in fancied security, leaving it to the infantry look-out to warn him of danger, he would have been surrounded, surprised, and captured, with his men and horses. It was the horses, arms, and accoutrements that tempted the Carlist officers who planned this raid to their daring adventure; for, had they succeeded, it must be admitted that a very daring thing it was.

However, they had in their ranks the son of the man in whose house Inman was quartered, and consequently their risk was

much diminished by the knowledge their youthful guide had of the approaches and fastenings of his father's house.

As it turned out, however, the Carlists who came out for wool were themselves shorn, although they did not get home to be laughed at for the loss of their fleeces. The Carlist officers had halted their squadron in the road near Inman's house, and two of them, dismounting, crept stealthily along the stone wall of the garden to the back of the house, and there waited, as we afterwards learnt, for a signal from the father of the boy they had with them; but fortune favoured not their expedition.

The father of their guide, the patron of the house where Inman, in utter ignorance of what was intended in the way of disagreeable interruption to his midnight slumbers, had filed out with his troop, expecting that Inman had some inkling of the treat got up for him, but tolerably sure, in any case, that for that night at least the cage would be empty, and the bird abroad on other matters, started off to warn the

Carlist officer of the little column of surprise that his journey would be fruitless; but, as ill-fortune to him befel, met a drunken Irish soldier of the rifles, who had been on leave to see some of his comrades in another village, and having taken a skinful of *aqua ardiente* (the whisky of Spain), had lost his way in the darkness returning to Gammarra Mayor.

Now all the Legion people by this time were pretty well aware that, if taken prisoners, they would be murdered. The night was very dark, and the roads, of which there are a great number, crossing each other on the level plain about Vittoria, so perplexing, that poor Pat was sorely at a loss; and he wandered and wandered until fatigue and his danger sobered him. At last he met Señor José Alicani, the worthy patron of Inman's house.

"Holloa! Señor Spaniola," quoth Pat; "me cares Gammarra Mayor. Me plenty late. You know. Show me the way, Jack."

Now all this was utterly unintelligible to José, except the words "Gammarra

Mayor," and the fact that the man addressing him was a Legion soldier. He was nonplused for the moment, and answered, "Aoul!"

Now anybody who understands the Basque language can translate this word, if he is able. I confess I never knew what it meant; nor could I ever find a Spaniard sufficiently well informed to tell me. It is more a grunt than a word, and in this case, doubtless, meant surprise, and was intended to gain time for reflection. If so, it did not answer.

"None of your owls for me!" quoth Pat. "Show me Gammarra Mayor, or, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll give you six inches of this!" and Pat drew his bayonet.

José saw there was no palavering with his interlocutor; so, with many curses, of which the Spanish language is very prolific, he turned back with Pat, doubtless hoping, and indeed well knowing, he would still have time for the business he had in hand.

So together these two ill-assorted *compagnons de voyage* journeyed to Gammarra Mayor, where José hoped to shake his companion off.

He reckoned without his host. Poor Pat right well knew that his story about losing his way, though true enough, would not be believed, and that a sharp two dozen in the morning from the provost-sergeant was a certainty for him, unless he had somebody to prove the truth of his tale. Therefore, when José, after landing Pat fairly within the village, bade him "Adios, va usted con Dios," Pat, understanding that his companion meant to quit him, exclaimed, "You venicay the guard-house," —which, bad Spanish as it was, was quite sufficient to inform José that his friend meant him to go to the very last place he desired to visit, as he had no more business out of his house (the village being under provost regulations) than Pat out of his quarters.

So, to cut the matter short, José turned and took to his heels. But he was again

out in his reckoning. Although José might have distanced his companion in a long race, Pat was quick on his "pins," and a good starter; so he quickly overtook the Spaniard and seized him by the collar, brandishing his bayonet at the same time.

Both swore and cursed, the one in Spanish and the other in Irish. The noise attracted the notice of an officer of the rifles, opposite whose quarters the row was going on. He opened the window.

"What's all that row about?" he inquired.

"Plase your honour," roared Pat, "this thafe of the world's been mislading me about the country this three hours, deloodding me he was taking me here, and he all the while trying to take me to the Carlist lines."

The officer came down and recognised José, who was strongly suspected in the villages of being (as in fact he really was) a Carlist spy.

"Take him to the main guard, Hooligan, and I will come with you," said the officer. "I hope you are sober."

"Sober as a judge, your honour; and may be your honour will just spake a word for me, so the provost-sergeant won't be at me all the morning."

"Of course I will," said the officer.

So Pat trotted his friend off to the main guard; the officer spoke for Pat, who, however, was also made a prisoner of, to be brought before the colonel in the morning.

Before that time an event had occurred which fully bore Pat out in his mendacious account of the matter; but, meantime, Señor Jose Alicani was fast by the heels for the night, and unable to communicate his important intelligence to his friends.

We left the Carlist cavalry halted in the high-road, near Inman's house, and two of their officers, on foot, reconnoitring or waiting for a signal or countersign from within.

So silently had Inman approached the Carlist cavalry (he had brought his men out with their lances only, and there were no swords to rattle or jingle) that he was within a hundred yards of the stone wall

surrounding his quarters before he was perceived. The two dismounted Carlist officers saw him first, and, with a loud shout of warning to their comrades and men, made a desperate rush to the spot where two of their men held their horses; but it was too late. Up went Inman's sword; "Hoorah, men!" he shouted; and, with a rush as of a pent-up torrent, crash came our men among the Carlist cavalry. "Hoorah for old Ireland!" "That for your angry decree!" (Durango decree.) "Down with them, men!" "Over with them!" shouted Irish dragoon and English officer.

Over went the Carlist lancers like ninepins. Completely taken by surprise, our men came full swoop upon them with their lances at the guard, our people in line, and with terrible impetuosity of pace, while the Carlists were in column of fours, halted on the road, and utterly unprepared for the charge. Down they went in all directions. Several of our men came full tilt upon their foes with such a shock that many ran their lances through and through the bodies

of the Carlist dragoons, and, unable to extricate their weapons, snatched the swords out of the hands of their mortally wounded enemies and spurred on with fierce energy and desperation of purpose to attack others.

The Carlists broke and fled in all directions; but again most of them were unlucky. In their panic the greater number fled straight away towards a wide and very deep brook. None of their horses would jump it. They had no bridoons in their horses' mouths; and Jemmy Mason or Tom Oliver could not have done the brook on the terrible "long hard and sharps" the Carlist soldiers rode with.

By this time our men were fairly tired of slaughtering their enemies. So all who went to the brook were made prisoners. About one-third of the whole Carlist squadron escaped, with one officer; the others were killed or made prisoners.

Some trabucas (carbines) had been fired by the Carlists, and the firing alarmed the riflemen in Gammarra Mayor. The rifles

quickly turned out, and were on the scene of action. But it was all over; all the part they took in the affair was to help to secure the loose horses, which were running about, riderless, in all directions. We had thirty prisoners; about as many were killed; and we took sixty horses.

There was much laughter and much rejoicing, not only in Gammarra Mayor, but at head-quarters in Vittoria. Poor Pat was released, everybody implicitly believing his story but Jack Inman and myself, to whom he told the truth that night. Señor José Alicani was sent in irons to the galleys, and his hopeful offspring, the young Carlist dragoon, was among the killed.

Jack Inman received the decoration of San Fernando, being the first officer of the Reynha Ysabel Lancers who gained it, and right well he deserved it.

I record this very dashing little affair, because it was the first time our people got a fair rush at the Carlist cavalry, and because it earned the first decoration bestowed on our regiments.

Several other smart things also were achieved on a small scale by members of our corps. At the village of Luco Major, Rait with a squadron made a most brilliant charge on a very superior force of Carlist cavalry, and pursued it right in the teeth of a heavy fire of musketry from their infantry, killing many and taking several prisoners. And Lieutenant Marsh dashingly made prisoner of a Carlist trumpeter from the very centre of a troop of their cavalry.

At this time Martin Zurbano, the afterwards celebrated Parlido chief, appeared on the scene, in which he very shortly immortalized himself by his daring raids upon the Carlists, his hairbreadth escapes, and almost melodramatic adventures. Of him and his doings I shall have occasion to take notice hereafter.

A rascally contractor, one José Elio, a man of great wealth and consideration in Vittoria, was detected in suborning the men of the Legion to desert to the Carlists, and also in the more infamous and wicked

crime of poisoning the ration bread served out to them. Elio was the contractor for the Legion. He and his confidential clerk were tried by a court-martial, and garotted in Vittoria.

The early spring of 1836 brought health and strength to the troops. They were well and constantly drilled, and a number of recruits joined from England. By April they were in fair working order and well in hand.

At this time I obtained my promotion as a cornet; the Baron Stutterheim, Mr. Francis, and myself being the only three cadets who obtained commissions in the corps. The rest went to infantry or home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY in April 1836 intelligence was received that the town and fortress of San Sebastian were again in desperate jeopardy. The Carlists had constructed very strong works on the Hernani road, had again armed numerous batteries with heavy guns, from which they bombarded the town, and so sorely pressed was the place that it was determined to despatch Evans with the whole Legion to its succour.

At the last moment it was decided to keep the 2nd regiment of lancers at Vittoria, and attach it to General Cordova's division.

The Legion marched from Vittoria early in April, preceded by the artillery, our

corps bringing up the rear. The route was by Miranda, on the Ebroñ, and thence through a friendly country to Santander, where the whole of the Legion, except our regiment, which was left at the convent of Corban, embarked for San Sebastian, and arrived safely at its destination.

Then came a day to be marked with a white stone in the annals of the British Auxiliary Legion, hitherto so unfortunate in its undertakings.

The Carlists had entrenched themselves very strongly on the Hernani road, their works extending from Lugarriz, a point jutting out into the bay of San Sebastian, right away to Puyo, a high hill overlooking the valley of Layola; thence along the ridge down to the river Uremea. They had broken down the wooden bridge across the river at the foot of the glacis of San Sebastian, and they had 25,000 men in our front, well armed and appointed, and confident in the strength of their own position and their contempt for the military qualities of our men.

No time was lost by General Evans and his staff in reconnoitring the Carlist works, which could be distinctly seen in every part from the top of the citadel, which stands upon a lofty hill dominating the town.

From this point a careful survey having been made, after mature deliberation, it was determined by General Evans to storm the Carlist intrenchments in front of San Sebastian, and to open the way also to Passages; on the morning of the 5th of May, 1836, the whole Legion, less the cavalry, were massed on the glacis of San Sebastian before daylight.

It was at first proposed to attack the Carlist works in flank by way of Lugarritz, but subsequently this plan was rejected, and only a small column—one British and three Spanish regiments—was detached to attack the defences at that place, and the main attack was directed against the very face of the Carlist works, commencing at the Molino battery and extending across the Hernani road,

above the San Bartolomeo Convent, to Puyo.

All being in readiness, the Legion and some Spanish regiments, with the Chapelgorris, commenced their march towards the enemy's works, and, the distance being little more than a mile, were soon at work.

As none of our corps, except Lieutenant (now Lieut.-General) Partington, was present at this brilliant action, I give its details from the reports of others.

The 1st and 3rd regiments were directed against the intrenchments crossing the Hernani road, near Bartolomeo Convent.

The 6th regiment, with some Spaniards, diverging to the right, were opposed to the works to the right of the road, and were supported by the Rifles, the Jaen and Oviedo regiments.

The 8th regiment, which landed during the action, with Saragossa, Segovia, and Chapelgorris corps, attacked Lugarritz.

The 7th, 9th, and 10th attacked the works to the left of the Hernani road leading to Puyo.

This, as nearly as I can recollect, was the disposition of the troops. In the main features of the events of the day I believe I am correct, but my details as to the position of the different corps I do not answer for as correct.

Any man who has been present at a well-stricken field will remember its details to the day of his death; it is otherwise with what one remembers only by hearsay, even by an eye-witness on the very field. The Legion artillery was posted on any vantage-ground, to the right or left of the road, that offered fair scope for its guns.

With the utmost steadiness and regularity our troops advanced to the attack, and with dauntless courage and unflinching game precipitated themselves upon the enemy's intrenchments. The attack was made almost simultaneously on all points. It was met by the Carlists with fierce, desperate, and obstinate resistance. Fighting behind their works, the Carlists had a fearful advantage over our men, and the

deadly and well-directed fusillade with which they met the onslaught of the daring Legion infantry made terrible havoc among the latter; but nothing could check the impetuosity of the attack.

Led on most gallantly by their officers again and again, though momentarily staggered, our infantry returned to the assault, and, while officers and men fell thick and fast before the withering fire of the Carlists, they rushed with irresistible dash upon the stockaded intrenchments, and carried them in glorious style at the bayonet's point.

The first line of intrenchments was carried; but the Carlists fell back to a second and equally strong line of defensive works. At the right of this line was the Molino battery, a very strong work, with an old windmill in the centre, crenelled and loopholed throughout. This Molino work for some hours continued to foil every attack made upon it, and many gallant officers, and scores of equally gallant men, bit the dust here, and fell gloriously in the

vain endeavour to penetrate these defences. Again and again was the attack renewed with desperate and unflinching resolution, and as often repulsed.

At length the steam-frigates "Phœnix" and "Salamander," of Lord John Hay's squadron, having steamed up the bay as far as the shoal water would allow, anchored and got springs on their cables. They then opened fire from their great pivot shell guns, and, having obtained the range accurately after a shot or two, threw their shells with such precision and effect that a very practicable breach was soon effected. Then, with a desperate rush, our troops dashed at the opening with the bayonet, led with heroic devotion by their officers; and the second line of works, and with it the Molino battery, was carried.

The Carlists were driven from their intrenchments from Puyo to the Molino, and they fell back to their last line of defence, which was more than two miles to the rear, and at the foot of the Oriamendi hill.

To carry this last line of works was no part of General Evans's plan. It would have involved an extension of front which his force by no means warranted him in assuming; and, having succeeded in securing his line from Puyo to Lugarriz, he at once proceeded to intrench himself.

By this gallant assault of the Carlist lines in front of San Sebastian General Evans delivered the town from all danger of bombardment or assault, secured the safety of all shipping entering the harbour, and an admirable *point d'appui* for future operations against the Carlists.

Such were the physical advantages obtained by this hard-fought and gallantly-won action. In a moral point of view, the advantages of the victory to General Evans and the Legion can scarcely be overrated.

Hitherto every operation in which the Legion had been engaged had resulted unfavourably. The Carlists had conceived a great contempt for the English auxiliaries as a body, and the terrible lesson taught

them on the 5th of May, 1836, they did not soon forget.

To the soldiers of the Legion also the 5th of May was of countless value morally. It taught them the value of the discipline they had acquired in the past twelve months' training, and that to discipline and organization they owed their victory as much as to physical prowess or personal courage.

To General Evans himself it was indeed a laurel crown. Attacked and maligned in all directions by the Tory press of England, badly supported by the lukewarm efforts of General Cordova and others at Vittoria, his military talent and even his personal courage sneered at at home and underrated in Spain, the 5th of May was a bright day for him.

He had no superior officer in the field, nobody with whom to divide his command: the opportunity was all his own; and he made a glorious use of it.

Military critics may carp at the attack in front, and assert that the Carlists should

have been assailed in flank. But it cannot be denied that the operation was promptly and decisively resolved on, and carried out with a resolution and daring, with a dash and gallantry, that will hereafter mark it as one of the brightest achievements of modern times, and which, while it made full and ample amends for all the previous shortcomings of General Evans and the Legion, is well worthy to be recorded even with the names of Alma and Inkerman, associated with which, on the imperishable scroll of fame, history will inscribe the name of De Lacy Evans.

Such victories are not cheaply won. A terrible casualty list, a ghastly detail of killed and wounded, attested the desperate and fiercely-contested obstinacy of the struggle. In killed and wounded, officers and men, not less than two thousand in all were *hors de combat.*

The convents, churches, and private houses were crowded with wounded English and Spaniards. The medical staff had a weary time of it, as well as

their regimental brethren; and there was sorrow and weeping in many a quiet English home and Spanish hacienda. But the wounded survivors of the 5th of May were tended with ceaseless assiduity by fair and noble Spanish ladies, who ministered tenderly to their wants, and solaced them in their sufferings.

A great victory had been won by the despised, ill-treated, and maligned Englishmen, and the British Legion, "baptized by fire," came forth from the blood-red inauguration proven soldiers, and their chief a man of mark from that day as a leader.

## CHAPTER IX.

A FEW days after the battle of the 5th of May, 1836, at Sebastian, we received orders to embark for that place.

We arrived there on the 20th, and on the 28th General Evans, having determined to possess himself of the port of Passages, the troops were put in motion with that object.

Our regiment paraded at daylight on the glacis, and, accompanied by a brigade of Legion infantry and the Chapelgorris, under cover of the guns from the curtain battery of San Sebastian and the Legion artillery, we forded the Uremea river, at the foot of the glacis, and opposite the Santa Bridgeta Convent. The Carlists

retired skirmishing up the high ground at the back of Puertas Coloradas, and the infantry, pressing hard upon them, drove them over the first ridge of high ground at the rear of Santa Bridgeta, and ultimately across the level, and again to the Emetza Gana hill, the ridge of which overlooks the valley of Layola, through which the river Uremea runs from Astegaraga, a little to our left of the town of Hernani.

While the infantry of the Legion was thus engaged, our regiment advanced in column of threes along the Puertas Coloradas road; and we had gained half the distance to Passages when Captain Hely proposed to Major Rait, who was in command, to make a dash at Spanish Passages, so called as being on the San Sebastian side of the long and very narrow inlet leading from the sea into the harbour of Lezo, once the finest harbour on the north coast of Spain, but now choked with sand-shoals.

The larger portion of Passages (called

French Passages) is on the side of the inlet nearest to Yrun and Fuentarabia and to the French frontier.

Major Rait and Captain Hely at once made a rush with the A troop of our regiment along the Puertas Coloradas road, and, driving the Carlist skirmishers before them, galloped into Spanish Passages.

It was a dashing thing to accomplish, as the road lay between steep hills almost inaccessible to cavalry, and were thickly studded with orchards, affording good cover to the Carlist infantry. But the latter fled in panic, and the Spanish infantry, following close on the charge of Major Rait, crossed the ferry and seized the French portion of Passages.

Meantime the Legion infantry had extended its left to the village of Alsa, near the western shore of Lezo Bay, and thence descended to the Puertas Coloradas road. The line General Evans sought to occupy was completed, and extended from Lugarriz Point, in the bay of San Sebastian, to Puyo, thence to the Emetza hill, over-

looking Layola, and thence again by Alsa to French Passages.

Strong intrenchments were thrown up wherever they were considered necessary, and several batteries were constructed, one at Puyo, another opposite Emetza, called the Queen's Battery, a third at Alsa, which village was strongly fortified by the sappers of the Legion. Several smaller redoubts, at intermediate points, were also thrown up, and the whole efficiently armed with heavy guns.

The Legion was cantoned along the whole line, from Lugarriz to Passages. One half of our regiment found quarters in the San Francisco convent, and the remainder were quartered in the farmhouses on the Passages road.

On the 1st of June the Carlists made a spirited attack upon our lines, commencing with a feint on the right, and to the right front of Puyo; but their principal effort was against the centre, about Emetza, and for a time they succeeded in driving back our centre; but this being reinforced, the

Carlists were in turn driven back to their lines. It was a smartish affair, and the Carlists must have been heavy losers, as our people had the advantage of the partially completed intrenchments.

Our loss was trifling. The field-works progressed rapidly; but the Emetza hill, which overlooked the centre of our position, was abandoned about the middle of July, as being too far advanced for the force General Evans had in hand to hold with safety.

There was a great difference of opinion on this point. The Carlists, however, occupied the Emetza in force immediately we quitted it, and at once set about constructing very strong field-works upon it, from whence, as a *point d'appui*, they afterwards gave us great trouble.

Before the Carlist works on Emetza were completed, a dash was made up the hill on the 1st of August by the 1st and 3rd regiments of the Legion. The Carlists were driven from the hill and their works destroyed; but, being strongly re-

inforced, they returned to the attack, and, the affair threatening to bring on a general engagement, by which nothing but hard blows was to be got, our troops retired to their own lines, and the Carlists occupied the Emetza without disturbance for a very long time after this affair.

The British Legion was now fairly located within the lines thrown up between Lugarriz and Passages; and this ground it occupied with little change until the spring of the following year, but not without a desperate attempt to dislodge it.

Previous to this, on the 10th of June, 1836, much trouble was caused by a number of men of the Legion claiming their discharge, on the ground that they had only engaged to serve for one year.

Certainly the terms of enlistment distinctly stated that men could enlist for one or two years; but, as nobody could show a specific agreement to the effect that he had engaged to serve only for the shorter period, the claim was ignored, and the men compelled to serve out their full time.

Early in August General Evans, who considered the Emetza hill as a point untenable on account of the paucity of his forces, determined upon making an attack upon Fuentarabia and Yrun, two fortified towns occupied by the Carlists at the mouth of the Bidassoa river, the boundary stream which divides Spain from France, and which river, and the mountains adjacent, are famous in story as being in ancient times the scenes of many terrible encounters between the Basques of those days and their neighbours, and latterly as the point at which several well-contested battles were fought between Wellington and Marshal Soult.

Fuentarabia is a very ancient place, tolerably well fortified, with a stone rampart and outworks. It stands on a spit of sand on the western side of the mouth of the Bidassoa, but is useless as a port in the Bay of Biscay, except for small vessels, on account of the shoal water. Yrun is distant about four miles from Fuentarabia, stands on the proper left bank of the Bidassoa,

and is nearly opposite the little French town of Behobie. A wooden bridge crosses the Bidassoa at Behobie, near the heights of San Marcial, which bridge is the point of communication between France and Spain.

Yrun is not a regular fortification, but it had been put in fair state of defence at the time I speak of; the houses were strongly fortified, and a stout oaken gate with a tambour-work placed at each end of the street. There was also a very strong circular earth-built fort commanding the high-road from Oyarzun to Yrun, the main road from Tolosa and Hernani to France, through Yrun. It was necessary to have possession of this fort, which stands on a rising ground about a quarter of a mile from Yrun, to its right front, looking towards Fuentarabia, before the town could be attacked. The Carlists were in possession of the high-road from France to Tolosa.

About the first week in August two brigades of the Legion crossed over to

French Passages, and ascended the Guadaloupe heights, immediately in rear of the town. These heights overlook the level country between their base and the towns of Fuentarabia and Yrun, from which they are distant at the point immediately above Passages about seven miles.

With the two Legion brigades before mentioned were about two thousand Spanish troops, some mountain howitzers, and one troop of our regiment, commanded by Captain Baker.

The whole attacking force amounted to about four thousand men.

How it was ever supposed that such a force, unprovided with siege-guns, or even field-artillery of moderate calibre, could effect anything against places so well fortified as were Yrun and Fuentarabia, I do not presume to say.

The Carlists, who were in possession of the high-road from Yrun to Hernani had always the way open to reinforce the garrisons of either place, and, moreover, Yrun

could always be reinforced from Vera, Urdax, and other places in the valley of the Bastan.

As it turned out, there was even at the time, at and about the towns to be attacked, a force of Carlists very superior in number to that of the attacking column.

It is, moreover, difficult to conceive with what probability of success such an expedition could have been undertaken, when we have seen that General Evans had his hands already full in holding the defensive lines of San Sebastian. However, the attempt was made.

The two steam-frigates "Ysabel" and "Reynha Gabernadora" steamed round to a point opposite to Fuentarabia, and opened fire on the town. The Legion troops, the Spaniards, and a few British marines descended the eastern slopes of the Guadaloupe mountains, under command of Brigadier-General Shaw; General Evans, who was attacked with dysentery the night the troops crossed to Passages, being so ill as to be unable to mount his horse, and

compelled to remain on the heights an inactive spectator of what occurred.

The events of the day are soon told. No sooner had the Christino force, after descending the plain, crossed the level ground between the base of the mountains and Yrun—that is, for about two-thirds the distance—than the Carlists marched out from Fuentarabia and Yrun in great force, and attacked our troops with vigour and determination.

The affair was never for a moment doubtful. Our men were outnumbered and easily overcome, and the whole force, being in great danger of being outflanked and cut off, took to flight. The retreat was well covered, however, by the English marines and the C troop of our corps, which made several brilliant charges and succeeded at several points in keeping the Carlists in check. The marines, however, had several men taken prisoners, as had also the Legion. The former were afterwards exchanged by the Carlists; the latter, of course, were murdered.

The whole affair was a complete and decided failure, bad in conception and impossible to execute. It served to furnish the Tory press in England with fresh diatribes against General Evans and the Legion, and to dishearten everybody connected with the latter force more or less; while, on all hands, it dimmed the prestige shed upon the Legion arms by the victory of the 5th of May.

About this time several very distinguished officers quitted our regiment, much disgusted at what was going on, and considering, moreover, that to bring a regiment of cavalry to act in the country about San Sebastian was a blunder. The country there is mountainous, and its physical features such that cavalry, for the purposes for which it is used in regular armies, was scarcely required.

Our corps, however, had a lesson to learn as to the uses to which cavalry can be applied; and, before we quitted the province of Guipuscoa, we had found out that our chiefs considered that a fair way of employ-

ing us was to support infantry skirmishers on a causewayed road, and that no place was too difficult or inaccessible in which to expect us to act.

There can be no doubt that our regiment should have been left at Vittoria with the 2nd Lancers, as the country in that vicinity is all level plain, admirably adapted for cavalry operations.

To give a dragoon anything like fair play in Guipuscoa, he ought to have been mounted on a cat or a goat.

The officers who left us were Colonel Kinlock, Colonel Rait, Major Greville, Captain Hely, and Captain Skipworth. For the remainder of its Legion service the corps was commanded by Colonel Wakefield, afterwards the first New Zealand Land Commissioner.

The loss to our corps from the secession of the above-named gentlemen was great, both on account of their efficiency and gallantry as officers, and from the prestige and tone given to the young officers of the regiment by the example of men of high

rank and position in their own country.

We lost them, however, and had to make the best of it.

After the failure at Fuentarabia and Yrun, nothing aggressive was attempted by the Legion for some time. The intrenchments on the lines of San Sebastian were strengthened continually; a number of officers and recruits arrived from England to fill up vacancies; the force was well found in rations and tolerably well clothed. The Spanish Government gave us some bills of exchange on certain mercantile houses in England for our arrears of pay, which were all dishonoured. The credit of Legion officers with tradesmen was at a low ebb; much discontent prevailed; and much grumbling was to be constantly heard; but the grumblers took no decided step—that is, the majority of them—but continued to grumble and stick to their thankless duty.

Everything remained quiet as to fighting until the 1st of October, 1836, when

the Carlist troops made a desperate and well-sustained attack upon our lines from right to left.

## CHAPTER X.

About two hours before daylight on the morning of the 1st of October, 1836, the Carlist troops were put in motion in three strong columns. The first, starting from the Oriamendi attacked our right at and near Puyo and Irish Tower, as we called the quarters of the Irish brigade between Puyo and the Molino battery; this attack was, however, but a well-sustained feint.

A second column, debouching from Layola, and crossing the Emetza hill, passed the level ground between Ametza and the Westminster picket-house, an isolated building, formerly a small farm-house, which was roughly intrenched, loopholed, and crenelled; it was the post occupied by

the advance of our centre, and was always held by a very strong picket. The Westminster picket-house stood well to the left front of the Queen's battery, and as nearly as possible represented the centre of our line.

On the morning of the 1st of October it was occupied by a picket of about two hundred men, commanded by Captain Lyster, of the 3rd Westminster Grenadiers, (Colonel Churchill's regiment).

The third column of the Carlists, coming from the villages of Lezo and Renteria, advanced under cover of the early morning mist, and attacked the fortified post of Alsa, on our left.

The attack on our right was promptly met, and a very hot reception accorded to the assailants, who made no progress.

Their attack, however, served to keep the troops on our right engaged, while a desperate onslaught was made upon the centre of our position.

Under cover of a furious and continual fire of great guns from the Emetza hill,

which hurled a very storm of round shot against the devoted building, the Westminster picket-house was attacked by a strong body of Carlist infantry. The distance from the Emetza to the house was not more than half a mile. The Carlists, advancing at a sharp run, drove in our advanced vedettes, and surrounded the place, which they completely isolated from its supports, and then commenced a determined effort to break into the house.

But this Hougoumont of the San Sebastian lines was not so easily to be captured. Captain Lyster, the officer in command of the picket, was an old Portuguese man who had done the siege of Oporto, and well knew the value of the post he held. Despite the round shot, which came crashing through the thin brick walls, killing and wounding many of his men, he continually encouraged his people by voice and example to persevere in their defence. So terrible a fire did the defenders keep up, that, despite all their efforts, the assailants were unable to force open the gates or doors.

There was a low stone wall round the house, which the Carlists lined, and from behind which they kept up a useless fusillade.

But, whenever they attempted to cross the open space between the wall and the house, a withering and deadly fire from the well-loopholed building met them with so terrible a shock that their efforts were vain; and the ground on every side was thickly covered with dead and dying Carlist soldiers. While, on the other hand, the clouds of dust and lime rising up ever and anon showed that ruinous havoc was being made with the building, and that its inmates were desperately pushed and roughly handled by the great guns of the enemy.

Through the thick morning vapour the flashes of musketry vigorously plied and incessantly kept up both by the Legion men and their opponents, and the broader and more lurid flame-light blazing through the fog from the Carlist artillery, showed quickly to those near where the pressure

of the fight was; while the unceasing rattle of musketry, the deep booming of the heavy guns on both sides—for our people at the Queen's battery had opened a heavy fire with grape and round shot on the Carlist column of attack—soon warned our reserves and supports of what was going on. From every rendezvous the bugles rang out the alarm, and every available battalion was speedily at the front. The General (Evans), General Jauregui, and the staff galloped with hot speed to the centre; the supports were carried well to the front, and the action became general from right to left.

Captain Lyster and his devoted men had held their own for more than an hour, while the supports were coming up; and, sore pressed as the little garrison was, it never for a moment slackened its fire.

Good service did Captain Lyster and his men that morning; for, if the Carlists had succeeded in mastering his post, they would have been in possession of a *point d'appui* which was the key of our centre, and from

which we should have found it most difficult to dislodge them.

As it was, the 3rd regiment was quickly on the ground, and, aided by the 'F troop of our regiment, which charged the Carlist infantry in flank, while the 3rd regiment in line rushed on them in front with the bayonet, the enemy was compelled to give ground, and the Westminster picket-house was relieved.

The Carlists, however, were quickly reinforced; and, returning to the attack, a desperate but unequal struggle raged fiercely for another hour, until the 1st regiment, under Colonel Kirby, arrived to support the 3rd.

More support quickly came up. Our artillery arrived in force, and the conflict became equalized in the centre.

It had nearly ceased, for the time, both on our right and at Alsa, but was again and again renewed at the latter point, and as continually repulsed. Alsa had been strongly fortified, and the enemy could make no impression on it.

In the village were the 6th and 8th Scotch regiments, and a strong force of Legion artillery, with a rocket troop; and these, coolly awaiting until the Carlist columns of attack were well within measure, received every assault with so well-directed and telling a fire that in no case could the enemy reach further than the stockades without the parapets. Nevertheless, the Carlists behaved with great courage and determination.

The fight lasted, almost without cessation, in the centre until eleven o'clock a.m. Column after column advanced from the Emetza hill, covered by a heavy fire of artillery, and, with steady perseverance, attacked with energy and vigorous dash, only to be hurled back broken and in disorder on their own lines.

The Carlists were in great force relatively to ourselves. They numbered above twenty thousand. Our troops, all told, did not amount to eleven thousand.

About eleven o'clock a lull took place along the whole line, which lasted until near

two o'clock, when again the enemy made two more desperate attacks on Alsa and our centre.

These were again repulsed; and during the remainder of the day nothing more was attempted by the Carlists.

A desultory fire of great guns was kept up by both sides until near six o'clock, when all firing ceased; and the action of the 1st of October terminated in our holding our own, and the failure of the Carlist attempt to force our lines.

Our loss both in officers and men was heavy; but the victory was an important one. The Carlists acknowledged to a heavy loss also.

Two very curious incidents occurred during the action. An officer of the Legion artillery was killed by a musket-ball striking him just at the junction of the base of the skull with the atlas bone. Mr. Backhouse, the officer in question, who commanded a rocket troop, was lying down against a bank during one of the lulls in the action. He must have been

more than a mile from the nearest of the enemy. The ball came in between the roots of a straggling hedge on the top of the bank; it caused no abrasion of the skin, nevertheless the concussion was sufficient to cause death.

In the other case a sergeant of our regiment, in one of the charges, was shot through the back, as we were retiring, with a musket-ball, and his horse had his near hind leg shattered below the hock by a grape-shot.

The horse did not fall, neither did the rider; both held on their way across two fields, and jumped two small ditches. The horse formed up in his place, and the rider instantly fell from his back quite dead. The horse, being mortally wounded, was destroyed at once.

From the 1st of October, 1836, until March, in the spring of 1837, the Legion was left in undisturbed possession of the lines of San Sebastian.

The winter, like the preceding one, set in early. The ground was covered with

deep snow; and both sides remained quietly watching each other from the outposts but not attempting any aggressive movement.

The Legion was well supplied with provisions and forage from Bayonne and St. Jean de Luz; and the winter was one of comparative well-doing, as compared with that passed at Vittoria.

A few days before Christmas 1836, in company with two other officers, I obtained leave to go to Bilbao. General Espartero was in that town at the time, preparing to attack the Carlist intrenchments on the heights of Luchana, which are close to Bilbao, and from whence the enemy continually threatened the place.

General Espartero had about thirty thousand men, among them a brigade of the Royal Guard; and, as we heard that the latter were to lead the attack on the Luchana position, we were anxious to see the affair, which promised to be a very brilliant one. We were not disappointed.

On the morning of Christmas-day a very heavy snow-storm set in about daylight,

with a strong wind, which drove the snow right in the teeth of the Carlist pickets and vedettes on the heights of Luchana.

So thick and blinding was the snow-storm that, turning one's face to it, nothing could be discerned ten yards off.

General Espartero, at the time I allude to, had just recovered from a severe operation, which had been performed on him by an eminent surgeon from Paris; and the Carlists, who knew this, calculated that no attack would be made on their position while he was in so weakly a condition. But the snow-storm was an opportunity not to be lost; and General Espartero was a man possessed of considerable military talent, as well as great courage and determination.

Rising from his bed, in spite of the remonstrances of his medical and other attendants, he put himself at the head of the troops at once, and the latter in three columns of attack in motion towards Luchana.

A portion of the Royal Guard formed the advance of each column.

The three columns scaled the heights of Luchana, and, arriving almost simultaneously at the crest of the hills, came at once upon the enemy's works.

They deployed with wonderful rapidity, and rushed with the bayonet upon the Carlist intrenchments with such fierce impetuosity that the Carlists, completely surprised, were seized with panic and fled, not only from their defensive works, but also from a very respectable camp in the rear of their defences, and took to flight in great disorder.

A large number of guns, camp equipage, and other booty fell into the hands of the Christinos in this most dashing affair.

Nothing could exceed the brilliant manner in which the Royal Guards, and, indeed, all the Christino troops, behaved on this occasion; and so important, on many accounts, was this victory to the cause that General Espartero received the third class of the Order of San Fernando, and the title of Conde de Luchana, as reward for this exploit. Bilbao was relieved from the

presence of an imposing hostile force in its immediate vicinity and in a commanding position, and the affair altogether, as regarded the safety of the place, was fully as important as that of the 5th of May at San Sebastian, although less difficult of execution.

An English nobleman, who was with the Carlist troops as an amateur, narrowly escaped being made prisoner at Luchana. His tent, or hut, and a portion of his baggage fell into the hands of the Guias of the Christino army.

## CHAPTER XI.

LUCHANA was won.

General Espartero had earned himself the title of Conde de Luchana; many gallant Spaniards had won decorations, and many were stiffening into cold corpses on the snow-covered heights about the intrenchments.

I was returning with my two friends from the captured Carlist position. It was bitterly cold. We had a jolly Christmas dinner awaiting us on board an English man-of-war in the river; and, the fight over, a Christmas dinner was a thing not to be trifled with.

It is a fine thing to be an amateur or a looker-on at a well-fought field. One turns

out in the morning from one's warm, comfortable quarters, and, after a good breakfast and schnapps, lighting a pipe or cigar, one rides off to the appointed cockpit. You pass on the way shivering foot-soldiers just relieved from guard or picket, who have been facing the cold sleet all night; and you wonder why the men look so dismal, with a great feast of glory just about to be served up to them hot and smoking. You only wish you had been a soldier yourself, and are full of enthusiasm, and sensibly elated by the pomp and circumstance of glorious war.

The neighing war-horse, the clattering sabre, and the jingling spur have martial music for your ear. The warlike rumble of the great gun-carriages, and the gay fluttering of the lancers' pennons are inspiriting. A general officer gallops along the road, splashing the mud over the foot-soldiers as they tramp along wearily through the mire, and a train of staff officers, in gay uniforms glittering with aiguillettes and decorations, follow rapidly, pushing and jost-

ling the men as they pass. You are more pleased and excited. You do not remember that this work, however glorious, is very hard work for the troops, and that artillerymen and dragoons, after the fighting is done, must cleanse themselves, their horses and accoutrements, from the mud and dirt they are half-smothered in. You have had a good night's rest and a good breakfast, and are as jolly as a sandboy at the prospect of the fun about to begin at the front; so you forget that the toil-worn soldiers have, perhaps, been bivouacking on the wet ground for a night or two, are hungry and faint, and that only the flicker of the enemy's musketry and the roar of his artillery will call up again his drooping strength, and nerve his arm for the death-struggle before him.

It is human nature, however; all are more or less caught with glare and glitter.

To an amateur or looker-on the thing is in full dress before the foot-lights, music and all; and nobody thinks of the many

rehearsals and the yearning bowels of the hungry "supers."

My comrades and I were something more than mere lookers-on at Luchana, but certainly we were amateurs for the time. The fight was over. It had been a brilliant affair. We were all elated with the successful issue of it, but we were also cold and hungry; and we made haste to Bilbao, leaving our *pro tem.* comrades on the heights of Luchana.

We were all on foot, and somebody proposed a foot-steeplechase home, each man to choose his own line, and the last to pay the bill at the parador (inn) where we had put up.

Off we started, each his own road. I believe I had taken a good line, and I was well ahead of my friends, when an unexpected and startling incident completely put my chance out. I had crossed a small enclosure, jumped on the top of a loose stone wall, and was in the act of springing off across the ditch on the landing side, when my glance fell upon what I thought

at the moment was a dead Carlist soldier, and a drummer-boy, also apparently dead, beside him, lying in the ditch over which I was to jump.

Both were nearly covered with snow; both wore the uniform of the Chapel-churris, a most dashing body of Carlist troops—Guipuscoans—whose white boinas (caps) were always to be seen in the van-guard of the enemy.

The uniform of the Carlist soldier, though simple, was highly picturesque. A short, loose blue tunic; a flat bonnet—red, white, or blue, as the wearer might be Navarrese, Biscayan, or Guipuscoan; red pantaloons; and hempen sandals, or "alphagatas," on the otherwise naked feet, was their dress: their equipment, a broad waist-belt, called a "canana," which supported the pouch in front instead of behind, and which, covered with varnished leather, reached nearly from point to point of the hip. This pouch was tried by the English marines, and found to be far better and more convenient than our own unwieldy

cartridge-box, always difficult to get at and uncomfortable to the soldier. It was highly approved of by many experienced officers. Unfortunately, it was not adopted by the war authorities at home.

The Carlist infantry equipment was completed by French or German firelocks and bayonets, which latter were carried in the canana, the great advantage of which was that, while it supported the waist, it left the whole of the upper part of the body free and unencumbered.

There was no such thing as a shako or a stock known in the Carlist army; and I sincerely hope my readers may live to see a day when both will be unknown in our own.

To return to the prostrate Carlists. Accustomed as I had become to the sights one encounters on the ground of hard-fought fields, from mere thoughtlessness I should probably not have stopped, had not a low moan escaped from one of the apparently dead Carlists.

"Tros Tyriusve!" Carlist or Christino,

the stricken one still had life in him. I had a flask of brandy; and steeplechase, roast-beef, plum-pudding, and "blazes" punch to the contrary notwithstanding, I should have been no man to leave him to die at that cold dike-side without aid.

So I jumped into the ditch and carefully lifted up the drummer out of it. His drum had been smashed with a piece of a shell, and he was stiff and cold, but still breathing. First come, first served. I put the brandy-flask to his lips. I am ashamed to say it held an imperial quart; and imperial good stuff it was. I poured some brandy down the boy's throat; he gave a deep groan and turned over on his side. I perceived it was all right so far with this one. I propped him up against the ditch-side and looked to the other.

The apparently dead soldier lay on his face. I turned him, and saw at once, with wonder and astonishment that the face was that of a woman, and a very beautiful woman, too, although in the attire of a

Carlist soldier. The next glance showed me that she was a *cantenera*, or *vivandiere* woman.

Her white boina was fastened under her chin with silk twist, mounted with gold clasps. Many of these *cantenera* were possessed of a considerable amount of money. There was a heavy gold chain round her neck, and a valuable gold watch in the pocket of an embroidered waistcoat. Her fingers were covered with rings, among which I observed a ruby and a brilliant ring of great value. Her hair was cut short for a woman; but the Carlist soldiers wore their hair very long, so that the locks of the *cantenera* were not unbecomingly shorn.

Her face was evidently not Spanish, but it was surpassingly beautiful. Her eyes were closed, and, from the pain-bespeaking, compressed fixing of the lips, I feared she was shot through the heart. I removed the boina and examined the head. There was no wound there. The brandy-flask

was quickly in requisition when I saw this. I well knew it would have been fatal had there been a scalp-wound.

I poured at least a gill of brandy down her throat, and rubbed more on her hands and temples. With a deep sigh she opened her eyes, and regarded me with a strange, wild, agonized look I have never forgotten. I opened her overcoat—it was no time for fastidiousness—and placing my hand on her heart found that it beat slowly. I could find no wound about the chest. She wore a white cashmere vest, embroidered with gold. There was no blood-spot there to indicate a hurt.

At that moment the boy cried faintly, "Ah, senor, essa es mi hermana, esta herida in el pierno" (Sir, this is my sister: she is wounded in the leg). Then I saw that a red-silk handkerchief, twisted round the right leg above the knee very tightly (tourniquet fashion), was saturated with blood. Fearing the femoral artery might be wounded, I tightened the

tourniquet and let well alone. There was not much haemorrhage from this wound, and I felt convinced there was another and more serious hurt elsewhere. I was right. Round her waist the *cantenera* wore a red silken twist girdle, like an Indian commerbund, with gold fringed ends, as was the fashion with many of the Carlist officers. This girdle was deeply stained with blood through several folds; but I feared to meddle with it, well knowing that, if a bullet had penetrated, I should cause instant haemorrhage by removing it.

I feared it was all over with her. I turned to the boy. He told me he had been struck with a piece of a shell, or rather his drum had been smashed by it; he had been knocked down and stunned, but not wounded; that his sister, the *cantenera*, while trying to raise him had herself been wounded; and that together they had staggered to the ditch by the stone wall, where his sister fell fainting; and in his efforts to assist her when he

revived, the intense cold had overcome him, and he became again insensible. The man who drove the mules that carried the field canteen and liquors had fled and left them to their fate.

I gave the boy more brandy, and desired him to walk beside me as best he could. Then, without further ceremony, I took the wounded *vivandière* on my back (I was a stalwart fellow then), and trudged off towards Bilbao. Certainly I did not expect when I started off on my foot-steeplechase to have this serious extra weight to carry.

I walked on stoutly, resting the wounded damsel on a stone wall occasionally, and always giving her small quantities of brandy, until I arrived at a little hamlet on the Bergona road, where I got a stout old fellow to help me; and, placing the poor *cantenera* on a stretcher, which we found by the wayside, we covered her well up in our coats and sheepskin jackets and carried her to Bilbao.

In the main street we met my two comrades, who, fearing some mischance had befallen me, were returning to look for me at the risk of losing their Christmas dinner.

They were overjoyed at meeting me, but astonished to see me trudging along between the poles of a stretcher. They relieved my old companion and myself, and I told them my adventure as we walked on.

We carried the wounded *vivandière* to the parador, and quickly summoned the surgeon of the ship we were to have dined on board of. He pronounced the wound in the leg not a dangerous one, but the other he declared mortal, as he said the bullet had passed right through the body.

He was wrong, however, for it is nearly thirty years ago, and the *vivandière* is sitting right opposite to me by the fire this moment, with a cigar in her mouth and a Skye terrier on her knee. Although she is

nearly fifty, I think her as handsome as ever; for the white embroidered waistcoat still fits her, and there is not a gray hair in her raven locks. Yet we have seen campaigning in many quarters since the days of Luchana.

I learned from the boy that the *vivandière* was the widow of a French officer, who, while attempting to desert from the French Algerine Legion near Pampeluna, was shot by a sentry.

Jeannette was wounded also; but, finding all efforts to restore her husband vain (he was mortally hurt), she made the best of her way to Lecumberri, and thence to Tolosa, where some French officers in the Carlist service started her with some money; and she became *cantenera* to the 5th regiment of Guipuscoa. The boy who called her sister was no relation to her, but the orphan son of a Carlist officer who was killed at Mendeguria, and of whom she had taken a motherly care.

Jeannette was celebrated among the Car-

lists for her beauty, her correct conduct, and her love of soldiering. She was always well to the front whenever there was a fight. She had accumulated a small fortune for one in her position, a great portion of which was invested in valuable jewels, which she always wore. She was greatly beloved and respected among the Carlist officers and soldiers; and, though I thought some of them might have looked to her a little better at Luchana, it is certainly hard to look after any one in a snow-storm and a panic.

Jeannette remained six weeks at Bilbao, as I did, anxiously watching her. There was nothing doing at San Sebastian; so I obtained further leave.

The bullet, thanks to the silk girdle, had taken an erratic course round her body, and passed out close to the spine.

I procured her a passage to Bayonne, in a French steamer; and in three months she was perfectly recovered.

Half-a-dozen officers, among them my

two chums, offered her marriage. She chose the worst man of the lot, however; for her choice fell upon myself. True, I carried her wounded from the battle-ground of Luchuna, and lost my Christmas dinner.

END OF VOL. I.

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